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REGISTRATION BOARD TO DETERMINE EXEMPTIONS

Sheriff Yarnell, Comm'sr. Grove and Dr. McGirk Named.

AWAITING INSTRUCTION

Appointed to Select from Registration List in Centre County Those Likely to be Excused from Draft for Military Service.

Governor Brumbaugh, at Harrisburg, last Saturday announced that the federal government at Washington had approved the appointments of draft exemption boards for the several counties in Pennsylvania, as formally submitted. The exemption board for Centre County is composed of Sheriff Yarnell, County Commissioner D. A. Grove and Dr. C. E. McGirk, the last named being from Philipsburg. These three gentlemen comprised the registration board which had charge of the enrollment on June 5th.

Advices from Washington are to the effect that the drafting of men for military service will be handled entirely at that point, the aim being to use every precaution against favoritism. The men registered and not classed as exempted will, it is said, be given numbers. The numbers will be drawn by lot and those selected will be telegraphed to the home community, where the identity of the men drafted will then be made known.

Just how the draft exemption board for Centre County will proceed, and what their duties will be, has not been announced from Harrisburg. The supposition is that they will be given the task of examining the registration cards and classifying those claiming exemption, those entitled to exemption and the ones who do not ask to be exempted. These lists will likely be forwarded to Washington for the drafting process.

Two Fires.

Who said the new electric fire alarm was no good? Last Thursday afternoon about 4.30 o'clock, Joe Dann, one of the employes at the Palace Garage, was vulcanizing a tire when all at once it took fire and charred part of the side walls and ceiling on the frame part of the garage. The fire alarm was sounded and in a few minutes the fire laddies were on the scene but the fire had not gotten a good start and thus it was extinguished without any difficulty. The damage was slight.

Again the siren was sounded Sunday night about 10.30 o'clock. This time the excitement was caused by a chimney burning out in Knisely's restaurant in Crider's Exchange. The fire companies were on hand to do their duty but their services were not needed.

Successor to Father McArdle.

The pastorate of St. John's Calholic church, Bellefonte, which had become vacant by reason of the recent death of Rev. P. McArdle, has been filled by Rt. Rev. E. A. Garvey, bishop of the Altoona diocese, whose choice for this important post fell worthily upon Rev. William Downes, for several years past rector of St. Thomas church, Bedford.

The removal of Father Downes from Bedford will necessitate other changes in the location of priests of the diocese. It is probable that the new priest will be in Bellefonte this week. From what we can understand he is a very strong man mentally and comes to his new charge with the best and highest reccommendations.

Big Time at Port Matilda.

Whatever you do in these war times don't forget that the citizens of Port Matilda are going to make the eagle scream on the Fourth of July. If you desire to show your contempt for the Kaiser there is the place to go. This celebration will be in the interest of justice and humanity, thus more than ordinary preparations are being made for the event. There will be a big parade, featured by floats, followed by a fantastic section. Besides this there will be a base ball game, athletic events and other stunts. Lunch and refreshments will be served all day and the big time will wind up with a festival in the evening. Let everybody make preparations to attend this outing which will perhaps be the largest held in the county this year.

Electrocute Them.

Fifteen carloads of potatoes were allowed to go to waste on a railroad siding in Illinois just to keep up the price in the market. The fellows who committed the crime ought to have been electrocuted or strung up to the first lamp post.

PAY OF SOLDIERS

This is Interesting to those who will be Drafted.

The war department at Washington has authorized the following:

As a convenient reference and a reply to numerous queries as to the pay of enlisted men and non-commissioned officers now in force, the forth-coming statement might be of use. These figures are based on the United States army bill approved May 18, and which went into effect June 1st.

Briefly, it provides that men of the army whose base pay does not exceed $21 a month shall receive an increase of $15 per month; not exceeding $24 a month an increase of $12 a month; receiving $30, $36 or $40 a month an increase of $8; and $45 or more an increase of $6.

The new scale means that privates of artillery, cavalry, infantry, signal corps or quartermaster corps receiving $15 a month according to the old scale, will now receive $30 a month. First-class privates of engineers, ordnance, signal corps and quartermaster corps receiving $18 will get $32. Second-class privates of engineers and ordnance receiving $15 will get $30.

Corporals of engineers, ordnance, signal corps and quartermaster corps formerly received $24 a month; they will now get $36. Corporals of artillery, cavalry and infantry getting $21 under the old scale will now receive $36.

Sergeants, first class, of signal corps and quartermaster corps who formerly received $45 will get $51. First sergeants of artillery, cavalry, infantry and engineers who were paid on the same basis will get a similar increase.

Sergeants of engineers, ordnance, signal corps and quartermaster corps paid $36 according to the old scale, will now get $44.

Sergeants of artillery, cavalry and infantry paid $30 will get $38.

The general term "sergeant" includes supply, mess and duty sergeants.

Bandsmen were formerly paid as follows: Sergeants, $36; corporals, $30, and privates, $24. They will now receive $44, $38 and $36, respectively.

Hospital corps members received $50 for sergeants, first class; $30, sergeants; $24, corporals; $18, privates first class and $16, privates second class. The new scale makes the pay for sergeants; first class, $56; $38 for sergeants; $36 for corporals; $33 for privates, first class, and $31 for privates second class.

Applications for "Liberty Bonds."

The following is a list of the applications for "Liberty Bonds" secured through W. B. Rankin, the Bellefonte insurance agent: Fountain W. Crider, Calvin H. Troup, Mary C. Gault, C. S. Weaver, Ella A. Gates, Park Weaver, Paul B. Seanor, Dr. M. W. Reed, Paul D. Foreman, Mahlon Foreman, Lois Foreman, Pearl Royer, Dr. W. K. McKinney, R. Lynn Mallory, James C. Furst, Mrs. Ann Orvis Keller, S. D. Gettig, A. J. Heverly, W. Harrison Walker, W. W. Bible, S. C. Herr, Elizabeth Denny Hunter, Mark Newell Hunter, Sarah L. Bible, Adaline Olewine, Evelyn Showers, Elsie M. Rankin, Constance Commandery, No. 33, K. T., W. B. Rankin, Helen B. Blair, William W. Keichline, Rebecca M. Schaeffer and Mrs. Annie K. Newcomer.

Those secured by J. S. McCarger, the insurance agent, are as follows: C. Y. Wagner, Mrs. Adam Wagner, Ad. Fauble, J. Marks, Logan Hose Co, Mrs. Galen Morrison, Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick, Dr. E. S. Malloy, W. O. Bennett, W. B. Meyers, Mrs. W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe; J. S. McCargar, Hattie Hart, J. D. Sourbeck, E. L. Orvis, Mrs. Harvey P. Schaeffer, Harry Holz, Hazel & Co.

Canning Demonstration.

The women of Bellefonte will have the opportunity to avail themselves this week of the benefit of having a farm agent in Centre county, Mr. Olmstead, who holds this position, has his office in the Court House, and he it is who has arranged the "Drying and Canning" demonstration to be given on Friday, the 29th, in the High school building, at 2.30 p. m.

Miss Pearl McDonald, head of the home ecomomics extension department at State College, is directing this work throughout the State. Every housekeeper in the town should be present to learn ways of efficiency and thrift.

ELIZABETH BEACH.

Notice to Correspondents.

The management of The Republican respectfully requests all news correspondents not to send news letters to this office next week, there being no issue of the paper during the week of July 4th. The next issue of The Republican will appear Thursday, July 12th. We will be glad to receive letters from our correspondents for that issue.

YOUNG MAN CHARGED WITH KILLING INFANT

William Shannon, Aged 19, of Sandy Ridge, Lodged in Jail.

HAD FIRED AT WOMAN

Bullet Struck Child of Robert Saylor, Formerly of Bellefonte, Inflicting Fatal Wound—Mr. and Mrs. Meese Held as Witnesses.

William Shannon, aged about 19 years of Sandy Ridge, was lodged in jail at Bellefonte Monday night charged with causing the death of the three-years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor, of Sandy Ridge, but formerly residents of Bellefonte. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meese wese also detained in jail as mamaterial witnesses. The Philipsburg "Journal" published the following account of the tragedy:—

A Sunday evening tragedy occurred at Sandy Ridge, resulting in the fatal shooting of a little three-years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor.

William Shannon, aged 19 years, has been arrested, charged with the crime, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meese with whom young Shannon made his home, were also placed in custody and held in the Philipsburg lock-up pending a hearing, which was held before Squire J. W. Merryman, at Sandy Ridge, who bound Shannon over for court.

It seems from the story given by Mr. and Mrs. Meese that young Shannon, who had been drinking, (as had Mr. Meese also) during the day had quarreled with Mrs. Meese. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, it is alleged, young Shannon made two attempts to shoot Mrs. Meese, but the revolver failed to go off. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Meese went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor, and on their return took back with them the Saylor child. When it was thought time to take the child back home, the little one rebelled and wanted to stay longer. Mr. Meese, along about 5 o'clock, went to the Saylor home to have some one come after the child. It was during his absence, while Mrs. Meese was in the back yard with the child in her arms, that the little one was shot through the head and instantly killed.

Two Intersting Old Books.

Dr. M. A. Kirk, of Bellefonte, is in possession of two old day-books or memorandums kept by his great-grandfather, William Fisher, who in 1813 built the stone house at Snow Shoe Intersection, now the Boggs Township poor house. One of the books dates back as far as 1806. He was a very conscientious old gentleman and it is interesting to note with what preciseness he jotted down everything that occurred.

Among the items is the account of breaking a cider press which was used by the people for a distance of twenty miles around. The large beam was broken and he sent men to the mountain to chop down a tree and hew it into a beam. The next thing was to find out on whose land the tree was cut so the owner could be paid. The repeated breaking of the press seemed to be a great annoyance to the aged gentleman.

Another item in the diary was where his wife took a trip by boat from Pittsburgh to Ohio to visit friends. Coming home the boat caught fire and the passengers were compelled to jump into the river. Mrs. Fisher lost $20 worth of clothing. These books contained many other interesting happenings.

A Successful Event.

The Children's Day exercises in the Bellefonte Presbyterian church Sunday morning proved to be a most enjoyable event. The decorations were beautiful and everything passed off like clock work. The services partook of a patriotic nature in harmony with the events of the passing days. The children were well trained and did excellently. J. R. Hughes, the superintendent, in his address, tried to instill into the hearts of the parents the great truth that the school is the great feeder of the church and every effort should be put forth to aid this most important part of church work. He referred to the days when the Presbyterian Sunday School was held in the old Wigwam on the corner of Spring and Lamb streets. Dr. McKinney, the pastor, also gave an interesting address.

American Flyers in France.

Fifty American aviators arrived at Nice, France, on Friday to undergo a course of instruction at the seaplane depot. They were given the heartiest of welcomes by their French comrades.

RED CROSS BENEFIT SALE.

Prominent Business Firm Donates 5 Per Cent of Profit.

"Business as usual," the war slogan of the British, is being adopted on this side of the water. It is a good slogan, for our national bread and butter depends upon our ability to keep the wheels of industry moving. We want to do "business as usual" both from political and personal motives, and we also want to help, so we have inaugurated this Red Cross benefit sale for week beginning Monday, July 2nd, and ending Saturday, July 7th. During this week we shall offer special values in all departments of this store and shall donate 5 per cent of our entire receipts to the Red Cross. A part of every dollar you spend with us will go towards succoring our American boys who will soon be fighting "somewhere in France." Our entire store has been turned over to the Red Cross and the sale will be run under their auspices. The ladies will give you an idea of the good they are doing in our show window every day next week during the hours from 10 to 11.30 a. m. KATZ & CO.

Escaped Prisoner Captured.

Tuesday of last week Allie Hammond, alias William Jennings, escaped from the Rockview western penitentiary. He with a number of other prisoners, was employed in making fence and road on the penitentiary premises near Rock Forge. After dinner the guard found him gone when he came to check up his men. The alarm was at once given and the penitentiary authorities got busy.

Friday morning Capt. W. H. Fry, of near Pine Grove Mills, was going toward Rock Springs when he stopped at the home of Oliver Bloom where he was informed that a man had been there and had his breakfast and started back to the mountains. By the description of the man Captain Fry made up his mind that he was the prisoner who made his escape from the penitentiary. He at once notified the authorities when Deputy Warden Fred Healy, with several other men, went up into Ferguson township and began a search. About 5 o'clock Hammond appeared again at the home of Samuel Elder and asked for something to eat. Later that same evening Ammon Miller was going toward Rock Springs for his mail. He had with him in his car several other gentlemen, when within a short distance of Rock Springs they caught up with a stranger and invited him to get in the automobile and ride. They at once recognized the man from his description and took him in custody. They intended to bring their prisoner to the penitentiary but on going a short distance down the road they met Deputy Warden Healy who took him in charge and brought him to Bellefonte. Hammond was making a bee line for Spruce Creek, when caught. Fifty dollars reward was offered for the capture of the prisoner and the question is to whom does it belong? Captain Fry made the first information as to his whereabouts and Miller delivered him to the officer.

Monday morning he was taken before Judge Quigley with the hope that he would plead guilty and take his medicine. He is an obstinate sort of a fellow and concluded that he would run his risk before a jury and refused to make the plea of guilty. He was taken to jail and Sheriff Yarnell will see that he doesn't make his escape if that's his game. It is thought, however, he will come to the point where he will change his mind.

More Army Storekeepers.

The government has called upon the Pennsylvania State College engineering experts to train another class in army storeskeeping. About a week ago the first group of fifty students finished its course and was enlisted in the quartermaster's department. The new class will organize July 2nd for six weeks' work.

Hugo Diemer head of the efficiency engineering department, will conduct the course. Only thirty men will be admitted. He wants only those men who are ready to enlist at once as noncommissioned officers, saying they must depend on their own ability for further promotion. Those men who have had experience in storekeeping, inventorying or machine shop work are particularly desired.

Among those from Bellefonte who will join this class are the following young men: Hassel Montgomery, Earle S. Orr, Milon P. Walker, Ivan Walker, Robert Walker, Fred Witmer, Walter McCullough and William Payne. Probably Louis Schad will also take the course.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

MANUFACTURE OF WHISKY BARRED BY FOOD BILL

President May Decide Regarding Making Beer and Wine.

COVERS PERIOD OF WAR

Bitter Fight in Congress this Week on Liquor Issue—Senate Divides Responsibility by Deciding to Limit Exclusion to Whisky.

Under the provisions of the food control bill, now in final stage of passage by Congress, the manufacture of whisky during the period of the war is prohibited. The President is vested with authority by the bill to permit the manufacture of beer and wine when in his judgment it will be in the public interest. It is believed the bill will be passed in this shape.

Consideration of the prohibition feature of the bill has been the big feature in Congress this week. The House passed the bill and the hardest fight developed when it reached the Senate. Originally the bill prohibited the manufacture of whisky, beer and wine. The Senate changed it to defer to the President in regard to beer and wine.

Strict Test for Drafted Men.

It is said at Washington that the registration boards will be used to make the first selective levy. America's armies will be made up of the finest physical manhood of the nation.

Army surgeons have estimated that nearly 40 per cent of the men brought to the colors by selective draft will be rejected on the first physical scrutiny, so severe are the examinations. Nearly 1,000,000, must be drawn to get 625,000 for the first levy. At present the rejections in the regular army average 40 to 60 per cent of the applicants.

Here are the general requirements for the army:

Height, not less than five feet four inches, nor more than six feet.

Weight, not less than 128 pounds or more than 190.

Lungs and heart must be well nigh perfect. And heart "murmur" disqualifies.

Hearing and sight must be good.

Color blindness is not necessarily a disqualification.

Chronic diseases or mental disorders cause rejection.

Loss of fingers, toes or an ear are disqualifications.

Flat feet or deformed feet are also causes for rejection.

The surgeons examine closely for any affections of the kidneys or chest. At least four molar teeth are necessary.

The thorough examination usually consumes more than an hour.

"This war will be won by young men," said an official of the medical corps. "That's why we will win—we've got the most and the best young men."

Threshermen Meeting.

Centre County Threshermen and Farmers' Protective Association will meet in the Court House on Saturday, June 30th, at 10 a. m. Important business will be considered at this meeting, such as compensation insurance, boiler inspection, price for threshing etc. Every man owning an engine or a threshing machine, and every farmer hiring a threshing rig, should attend this meeting.

Large Trout.

It is evident that all the large trout are not caught by Bellefonters. Jacob Kerstetter, of Coburn, one evening recently caught a fine brown trout at the iron bridge at Coburn. The fish measured 23 inches in length and weighed 4 pounds and 6 ounces. One evening later the same lucky fisherman caught 11 trout, measuring from 12 to 20½ inches, a total of 117¾ inches, and only four were under 15 inches long.

Chicago Moves to Oust Mayor.

Alderman Kerner, chairman of the Judiciary committee of the Chicago City Council, at a special meeting of that body Monday presented a resolution calling on Mayor Thompson to resign. They claim he is a pro-German.

Will Build Houses.

The Lehigh Valley Coal company has completed plans for the erection of a number of new houses at one of their mining operations in Snow Shoe.

No Paper Next Week.

In accordance with custom no paper will be issued from The Republican office next week. The office will be open for general business.

MUST SHOW RECEIPT

Applicants for Hunters' Licenses Required to Prove Payment of Taxes.

When the army of seven or eight thousand Centre county hunters who desire to search for turkeys, cotton tails and other game, this fall, apply at the office of County Treasurer David Chambers, for a hunter's license, they will find a new proviso tacked to the hunting law, according to word that reached here from Harrisburg a few days ago.

The new proviso requires that the applicant must show his tax receipt for the last year. If a woman or a minor, no tax receipt will be required. It goes without saying that this arrangement will materially reduce the number of hunters' licenses, but it will, at the same time, aid in keeping the taxes paid up and may also be the means of getting the names of many of the young voters on the registration books.

In adding this trouble to the applicant, the state lawmakers had in view several things, among which was that a man who is unwilling to pay a county tax and school tax, to help keep up the running expenses of the government, is unfit to possess the privileges of a hunter's license.

Change of P. R. R. Schedule.

On Sunday there will be a change of schedule on all of the divisions of the Pennsylvania railroad. The changes on the Bald Eagle Branch that will affect Bellefonte are as follows: In the first place the two noon trains will be taken off. The Pennsy-Lehigh Express will come in at the usual time but will stop at Port Matilda, Unionville, Snow Shoe Intersection and Howard. The regular evening train that reaches here at 8.25 is changed to 8.10. On Sunday the train that came at 9.15 will arrive at 9.30. The train that arrived here Sunday afternoon at 4.15 will reach here at 3.30. The train on the Snow Shoe Branch will leave Snow Shoe at 11.00 in the morning instead of 2.30 in the afternoon, arriving in Bellefonte at 2.00 in the afternoon instead of 4.15. The train will leave Bellefonte for Snow Shoe at 2.45 in the afternoon instead of 5.00, arriving at Snow Shoe at 6.00.

Snow Shoe Girls Helping.

The Y. W. C. A. of Snow Shoe held their regular meeting on Monday evening. The leaders in this work plan during the summer to assist in patriotic work. They have begun teaching the young girls of the town plain knitting, so that they may knit for the soldiers when they become expert. The girls are donating their yarn for the first work and the knitting which passes inspection will be turned over to the Red Cross. The girls also made a collection of waste paper during the week. They realize that waste paper does not have the money value it once had but the economic value is undoubtedly the same. For that reason they ask that the people of Snow Shoe save their waste paper in the future. In this way they can assist the organization and our country at the same time in taking care of the waste of the community.

Methodist Children's Day.

Sunday was Children's Day at the Bellefonte Methodist church which drew quite a large audience. The decorations were very attractive and the program carried out to perfection. In the morning the smaller children had their little speeches which were very much enjoyed. In the evening the larger scholars had their exercises which commanded much admiration. One of the main features of these exercises was the graduation of the scholars from one grade of the school to the other. In the evening C. C. Shuey made a very appropriate address. The pastor, Dr. Yocum who is ill, was greatly missed because of the love and devotion he has always manifested for the young people of the church.

Increased Teachers Salaries.

Appreciating that everything along the line has advanced greatly in price, school boards throughout the State are increasing the salaries for teachers. The school board at Norristown last week voted a $25 per month increase for each of the sixty-nine teachers at that place. At a special meeting of the Williamsport school board the 175 teachers in that city were last week voted an increase of $10 per month. The teachers association had asked for an increase of $15 per month.

An Earnest Appeal.

An urgent request for jellies and preserves for the hospital was made at the Woman's Club Monday night. Owing to the constant need of these delicacies for the sick it is hoped every woman in the county will remember this object when preserving.

THE RESTLESS SEX

Robert W. Chambers' New Novel Begins in July Cosmopolitan.

"The Restless Sex" is the title of Robert W. Chamber's new novel, the first installment of which begins in July Cosmopolitan.

After a short foreword, "The Restless Sex" gets away to a quick, typical Chambers start.

"About a decade before the Great Administration began, a little girl was born," are the exact words in which Mr. Chambers introduces his latest heroine, Stephanie Quest.

The father of little Stephanie was an itinerant actor; the mother, an uneducated and very young girl who tinted photographs by day and did fancy skating at an ice palace in Utica by night. From this unpromising start, and from a sordid early childhood, Stephanie emerges like one of those rare, beautiful flowers that sometimes take root and flourish in the mire of poverty.

It is too early in the story to forecast the ultimate destiny of the characters, but if performance holds true to promise "The Restless Sex" will surely add another laurel to Mr. Chambers' already crowded wreath.

Trout Fishing Better.

The Harrisburg Telegram says that more and finer trout are being caught now than when the season was young this year, says Commissioner of Fisheries Nathan R. Buller, who has been getting reports on the fishing season. On the contrary the bass fishing is extremely poor.

"When the trout season opened the streams were low and the water was very cold," said the commissioner in explaining the situation. "The fish were shy and remained away from the favorite places. Lately things have been warming up and we have had frequent rains. This has brought up the waters and the trout have been biting well and I am informed that some splendid specimens have been hooked in many counties. Streams which we stocked a few years ago are producing results. As to the bass the water conditions spoil fishing for them in many parts of the State but that is not so bad as few of the bass we have observed have spawned as yet. There should be good bass fishing later on."

The State Fisheries Board held its quarterly meeting recently and outlined its work for the summer and fall. The building operations depend on the appropriations.

War Better than Submission.

President Lowell, told those graduates of Harvard's class of 19[illegible] in school last Sunday that "horrible as war is, it is better than submission—submission to the assassination of a little neutral nation, the dropping of bombs on defenseless cities and towns and the abduction of men and, far worse, of young women. To submit to such things is to abandon all self-respect. It is a confession of unfitness to take any honorable part in life. We must fight that such things may never be done again." President Hadley, of Yale, in his baccalaureate said that he who engages in this war of the preservation of human liberty performs an act of consecration. In all the colleges and universities mere fragments of the graduating classes were present and many of those who were there were clad in khaki. Our schools are doing splendidly.

The President's Reply to a Mother.

Mrs. Louis Meyer, of Wheeling, West Virginia, wrote to President Wilson telling him that she had already given two sons to the army and was prepared to give a third, if necessary. Here is his reply: "Your feeling about your sons is the feeling which I should think every mother in whom the true spirit of motherhood and of Americanism dwells would have and I like to believe that it is true that the country is full of mothers of the same heroic and self-sacrificing sort. It quickens my pulse and strengthens my belief in the splendid capacity of this country to meet every crisis of this sort to receive such a message as you have been gracious and kind enough to send me, and I shall treasure it in my heart as a typical expression of devoted American womanhood." The president is right; America has many heroic mothers.

Search-Light Unit.

Students and alumni of the Pennsylvania State College, who are experts in electrical engineering and in gas engine mechanics, have been asked to join a search-light unit to be organized immediately by the government. Captain John C. Gotwals, a graduate of Penn State, and attached to the regular army engineering corps, has urged that volunteers for the unit communicate with him at Washington, at once. About twenty-five State College men will be enrolled.

An Old Man's Ambition.

Moses R. Hall, of near Sharon, Mercer county, celebrated his 102d birthday last Friday. He retains all his faculties and expressed the desire to live to see the complete downfall of the German Empire.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The Y. W. C. A., of Snow Shoe, held its second canning demonstration the other evening under the direction of Miss Keller of State College. The girls were very much encouraged by the large attendance and the great interest aroused by these demonstrations. They are planning to have another in a few weeks. At the next demonstration the women of the town are requested to bring anything they wish canned, preserved or dried and bring with them the necessary jars. To those who do not understand the work that State College is doing along these lines the organization wishes to say that these demonstrations are free to the people of the State and by application to the proper authorities of the Penna. State College they can secure further information. The Snow Shoe Y. W. C. A. has been alive to the importance of this work in rural communities ever since it has been organized and it urges the women of Snow Shoe to realize the fact this work is very necessary at the present time when conservation of our resources is so vital to our country need.

Cutworms.

Reports of exceptional damage to young tomato, cabbage, cauliflower, pepper, potato and other plants throughout Pennsylvania and in other States are received almost every hour by letter or phone.

Do not mistake the fact that plants cut off at the surface of the ground have been attacked by cutworms. One may not see them, for they hide during the day in the soil or under rubbish. Don't blame the trouble on earthworms or slugs, as many persons are doing.

Cutworms are easily controlled with a simple remedy, and with one application at this time. Make a poison bran mash by mixing dry 25 pounds of bran with ½ pound of Paris green, moisten with 1 quart of cheap molasses, the juice and chopped pulp of 3 lemons or oranges, and sufficient water to make a dry mash, which barely holds together when squeezed in the hand. Smaller amounts in proportion. Scatter broadcast and sparsely in the evening, over gardens or fields to be protected. Birds will not eat the mash containing fruit juice.

Notice to Supervisors.

The supervisors of Centre County should take notice that every road in the county must have an index board, especially at every intersection of roads. For the neglect of their duty a fine of $10 must be imposed. This is a recent law and some of our supervisors had better get busy. The other road laws are as follows:

The loose stones must be taken off the roads once each month in May, June, August, and October.

Destroy Canada thistles.

They must not allow joiners to obstruct the ditches.

They may enter upon land to open and maintain water courses. A fine of from $4 to $20 may be imposed for injuring such water courses.

A fine of from $10 to $40 may be imposed for obstructing roads.

Waste of all kinds is prohibited on the roads everywhere.

David son—Ristine.

William Thompson Davidson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Davidson, of Philipsburg, who graduated in dentistry from the University of Pennsylvania on Wednesday, June 20th, 1917, was on the same day united in marriage to Miss Estella Ristine, daughter of Mrs. Anna L. Ristine, of Philadelphia, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's mother. The happy young couple are spending their honeymoon at Atlantic City, and on July 2nd the groom will go to Washington, D. C., to take an examination with a view to enlisting in the U. S. army as a dentist.

Young Man a Cripple.

Byron Hartline, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hartline, of Millheim, was taken to a Philadelphia hospital recently by his mother. The lad, who is sorely crippled in both legs by the effects of infantile paralysis, was operated upon on last Thursday and both limbs were placed in plaster paris casts and are to remain in that condition for five weeks. The boy was brought home and apparently is very cheerful. He is to be taken back to the hospital again when the casts will be removed. It is believed that the boy can be very greatly benefitted.

Graduates Raise Soldiers Aid Fund.

A fund for the aid of State College students and alumni who serve the nation in the army or navy is being raised by Penn State graduates. The class of 1907 started the project when celebrating its tenth anniversary at the commencement exercises. From a small beginning the fund has grown through additional contributions from individuals and classes so that the proceeds will be of benefit to many men and their families who may need financial assistance.

No Steam Heat.

It has been announced that the Williamsport steam heat company will not operate next winter. No statement was made to the effect that the company will retire permanently from business, but it is conceded that if all its customers provide for heating this fall, it is not likely the company can ever resume.

A Bit of Seaweed

A Story of the War For Cuba.

By ETHEL HOLMES

Kate Langdon was a character. Not especially pretty, she had a way with her that first attracted people's attention, then won them. Some said she was very deep, others that she was a simple child of nature. She was certainly reckless. She would flirt with several men at a time without heeding the consequences and when cornered would, if possible, dodge them all by flight, leaving them to settle the matter among themselves.

And so it was that some blamed her, others defended her, but all were amused by her. It was very interesting to see a middy come upon the edge of the vortex, get drawn in, drop out, giving place perhaps to a fellow middy, perhaps to an officer. Whether the girl realized the wrong she was often doing, whether she was unconscious of it or whether she had no appreciation of the tenderness of men's hearts, certain it is that she never seemed either ashamed of her conquests or proud of them. Indeed, she gave every evidence that she regretted them.

A fine field for such girls is either the West Point or Annapolis academy, where young men are trained for the army or navy. Kate Langdon the year of the breaking out of the Spanish-American war visited the Naval academy as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lyall, the wife of one of the professors. She hadn't been there a week before she had half a dozen middies "by the ears."

In the class to be graduated the following spring were two young men, Hector Peckham and Leslie Holt. Both met Kate Langdon, and both fell violently in love with her. In the government academies the standard of honor is very high. Neither of the cadets would take the slightest advantage of the other, but neither could find out which was really the favored one. Nor were they ever sure but that one of several other middies might not after all carry off the prize.

Peckham finally won. Kate gave him her heart and, to the surprise of every one, gave him the whole of it. There were a number of disappointments in consequence of this victory, the most serious of which was Leslie Holt. Kate had given him a great deal of encouragement and for some time after she came to a decision hadn't the heart to break with him. When it finally came out that Peckham had won, Holt went to see her to ask if the news were true. She confessed, and he told her that she had wrecked his life.

Young men have said this before to young women, to marry some other and live happily. Some have remained single, cherishing their idol in their hearts, to meet that idol when past middle age and find it demolished. Holt so long as he lived—he did not live long—never recovered from his infatuation. The words he used at his last meeting with Kate Langdon made the first change in her. By them her light, gladsome nature received its first sobering.

Meanwhile the Cuban war was coming on, and ships and munitions were being hurriedly put in condition for war. And the middies, too, were being hurried on in their academic course, to be graduated as soon as hostilities commenced.

The following spring Peckham and Holt were graduated and assigned to a war vessel sailing for Cuba. Peckham and Kate were married before he sailed. The wedding was notable from the number of disappointed young men in attendance. But every man of them swore by the bride and considered the groom the luckiest man that had ever wooed woman.

Kate, having joined the navy matrimonially, felt at home at a naval station, and her aunt, who adored her, invited her to remain with her indefinitely. So Kate stayed where she would be in touch with her husband far more than at home. That was an exciting summer. First came news of the fight in Manila bay, then the entrance of the Spanish Admiral Cervera's fleet into Cuban waters, its attempt to escape and its destruction.

Peckham and Holt went through this last fight, and when it was over the latter officer was ordered to the command of a small supply boat and directed to sail for the Brooklyn navy yard.

"Can I do anything for you at home?" he asked of Peckham.

"Nothing, unless you will take a letter for my wife. You will mail it as soon as you get to Brooklyn."

"With pleasure," replied Holt.

Peckham wrote a short note to his wife and gave it to Holt.

"The trap I'm to command is not very seaworthy," said the latter. "If I meet a big blow I may not get through. But I promise you, Hector, that your wife shall have the letter."

Peckham hoped that his friend would get through safely, and they parted.

One morning young Mrs. Peckham was sitting in her room at Annapolis reading accounts of the naval fight off Cuba—she had read them many times before—when a draft blew open the door and there came into the room a strong smell of the sea. Standing before the opening was Leslie Holt, pale and exhausted.

"Why, Mr. Holt!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckham.

Without a word he handed her a letter. Thinking it to be from her husband or that it might bring her bad news from him, her attention was momentarily turned from its bearer to the letter. It bore evidence of having been wet. A dampness clung to it, and the letters of the address had run together. She tore it open and read it. It was simply an announcement that the writer was well, had suffered nothing in the recent engagement and hoped before many weeks to return to her. Having satisfied herself that it boded no harm to the man she loved, she turned to its bearer. He was not there.

Thinking that what had passed between them before her marriage had led him to go away without even having been thanked, she tossed the letter on a table and ran out into the hall to stop him. Not finding him in the hall, she went out on to the porch. He was not there, nor was he anywhere to be seen, though there was nothing for some distance to obstruct her vision.

"Strange!" she said to herself and returned to her room, a fear coming over her that the affair was in some way connected with a misfortune to her husband. Going to the table, she was about to snatch up the letter when she saw that it was not where she had put it. Looking on the floor for it, she did not find it.

"I'm sure something has happened to Hector," she moaned. "Leslie Holt slipped away on purpose so that he wouldn't have to say anything to me about it. But how pale he looked and how exhausted!"

Thinking a draft might have blown the letter off the table, she looked about until she saw something of a light brownish color in a corner. Sure that it was the letter, which had been discolored, she seized it. What was her surprise to find a seaweed.

There was something so uncanny in all this that she was now thoroughly frightened. Dropping the seaweed, she put both hands to her temples in an effort to regain her equanimity. Then, rushing out of the room, she ran to her aunt and sank in a swoon.

Ten minutes later Dr. Coggswell, medical officer at the academy, was called to Professor Lyall's quarters. He found Mrs. Peckham lying on a bed in a high state of nervous excitement. Mrs. Lyall told the doctor, before he saw the patient, the story her niece had told her, and he did not permit the invalid to go over it again. He said that the expectation for a long while that her husband would at any time participate in a naval engagement and the excitement attending the recent fight had been a strain upon her nerves that had produced hallucination. He prescribed a sedative and left directions that she was to be kept quiet.

But Mrs. Peckham did not recover from the strain as soon as was expected. And one morning something occurred to give her a terrible back set. A telegram from Key West appeared in a morning paper stating that a little naval tender, commanded by Leslie Holt, had been wrecked on one of the keys and all on board had been lost.

Mrs. Lyall kept this news from her niece as long as she dared, hoping the invalid would gain strength and there would be less danger in communicating it to her. Finally, fearing that Kate might hear it from others, she told her of young Holt's death.

If anything was needed to complete the conviction that the wraith of the man who had told her she had wrecked his life had visited her, the announcement of his death supplied it. A subsequent letter, however, from Peckham served to lighten the blow. Kate felt that the matter had no reference to her husband; it was between her and Leslie Holt. She considered it a punishment for having trifled with him and brooded and brooded, and all efforts on the part of her friends to convince her that there was nothing in it except a creation of her own brain under a nervous strain were fruitless.

In time Peckham came north, and it was hoped that his presence would lift the cloud that hung over his wife. It helped her, but did not cure her. She went about as before, but how changed!

"What a sad sight is Mrs. Peckham," said one of the men with whom she had trifled—one of the older ones, an officer. "The matter proves the innocence of her action when so many of us were attentive to her. Wicked people are not remorseful. The tender consciences are usually to be found in innocence. Had she been a heartless, a wicked flirt the fact that she had wrecked a man's life would have pleased her. Instead of this, his telling her that she had wrecked his life wrecked hers. He should not have said such a thing to her, and he would not have said it had he been older and realized the effect it would have on her."

It is years since this shock came to Mrs. Peckham, and, although it has somewhat worn away, it has left its effects. She is still beloved, for at heart she is the same innocent woman, though very different from the days of her girlhood. Every one except herself refers the visit of the wraith to a shock coming from overstrained nerves. She would as soon doubt her existence as doubt the reality of the visit. After sufficiently recovering to talk about it she declared that she not only smelled the salt air of the sea, but saw Leslie Holt standing before her—not lifelike, it is true, because he was very pale, and he had the appearance of having been in the water. The only thing to prove her position was the letter she received and the seaweed, but that disappeared during her first shock and never was recovered.

WAR UPON INSECTS.

A Conflict That Sooner or Later the World Must Face.

A writer in an English journal has suggested that the next great war will be between man and the insect world. This war would be waged not only on insects that actually attack man himself, but also on all those winged or creeping things that are his enemies in less direct ways—those species that, to use the writer's phrase, "exist at the expense of human progress and happiness."

We all shudder with horror at the thought of a scorpion or of a centipede, although few of us ever see one of them, but we do not shudder enough at the thought of the untold millions of disgusting things that we are putting up with all the time.

Perhaps it is unfortunate for us that many of these harmful and even death dealing insects are very small. If they were as large as they are bad we should soon rid ourselves of them. When we see the housefly or the mosquito hugely magnified we realize at once that, compared with them structurally, the tiger is a charming and beautiful thing, but we go away and forget the magnified picture and submit to the original of it.

The extermination of these pests is a duty that the world faces, a righteous crusade in which we should all join. The scientists will tell us the best way to wage the fight, but scientific methods must be re-enforced by a public opinion that will cease to tolerate unclean dwellings, stagnant pools, uncovered tanks, accumulations of exposed filth and everything else that invites vermin and menaces human beings.

Food Economy.

Every bit of meat and fish can be combined with cereals or vegetables for making meat cakes, meat or fish pies, and so on, and to add flavor and food value to made dishes.

Every spoonful of left over gravy can be used in soups and sauces or as flavoring for meat pies, croquettes and vegetables.

Every bit of clean fat trimmed from meat and every spoonful of drippings and every bit of grease that rises when meat is boiled can be clarified, if need be, and is valuable in cookery. Don't fatten your garbage pail at the expense of your bank account.—Los Angeles Times.

Climbing Parnassus.

In mythology Parnassus, a mountain in central Greece, was sacred to the muses. The Delphian sanctuary of Apollo was on its slope, and from between its twin summit peaks flowed the fountain Castalia, the waters of which were reputed to impart the virtue of poetic inspiration. The highest peak, 8,068 feet, was held sacred to Bacchus and the rest to Apollo and the muses, whence the saying of young poets, "Climbing Parnassus."

Holland's Great Dike.

One of the great dikes of Holland is forty miles long, starting far up in the country, near the Yssel river, and continuing across the Hook of Holland to the sea. It was built in sections and for seven centuries has held back the waters from the low lying fields. It is forty feet broad at the base, thirty-five feet broad at the top, and its height varies from twenty-five to thirty-five feet.

Only Too Willing.

Mrs. Crawford—Haven't you ever discovered a way to get money out of your husband? Mrs. Crabshaw—Oh, yes. All I have to do is to threaten to go home to mother, and without a word he hands over the railway fare.—The Lamb.

His Crop.

"What did you raise in your garden last year?"

"Nothing. Some kids in the neighborhood raised Cain in it."—Buffalo Express.

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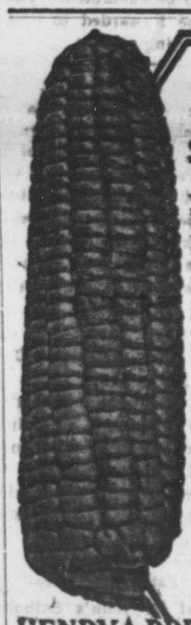

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My Burglary

It Had Farreaching Results

By ELINOR MARSH

I am of an artistic temperament. From my earliest girlhood I had loved beautiful scenes. I took to drawing pictures early and in time became a water color sketcher. In summer time I drove around in a vehicle called a rockaway, drawn by an old horse that had been in my family a long while and in whom I had every confidence.

At night I would sometimes stop at a hotel, sometimes at a farmhouse, and occasionally would place my blankets on grassy ground and spend the night in bivouac.

One evening when I was some miles from a town, which I expected to reach before dark, Bob went lame. Looking about for shelter—for I could not get on with a lame horse—I espied a short distance ahead of me, perched on a ledge, a cottage. It was as artistic a piece of architecture as I ever saw, with its grounds and vines growing over it. Indeed, the tout ensemble constituted a thing of beauty. If I could only be permitted to spend the night there I would be delighted.

I managed to get Bob to the gateway of the place and up a short winding road leading to the house. I was disappointed in not seeing any one about, and as I drew near it occurred to me that the place was unoccupied. The blinds were not closed and there was nothing to indicate that the house was empty. What was it that told me that the place was deserted?

Leaving Bob standing in the roadway, I went to the house and rapped on the front door with a brass knocker. It did not seem to me, if there had been any one within, that those knocks would have sounded so hollow. I listened, but there was no indication of any one stirring. Going around to the rear I failed to see any indication of a living being. There were no chickens, no dog, not even a lonely cat. Only a few flowers in beds near the house that I judged grew without being cultivated. There was a woodshed and some wood in it, but plenty of room for Bob in case I should have to leave him there.

Looking in at a window, I saw a library with a fine broad fireplace and among the furniture a large lounge. The sash was locked, and I went to other windows, but found them locked also. A trellis led to an upper window. It looked easy to climb, and I went up it and found the sash unlocked. I went into a bedroom and down a staircase. The front door was locked and no key, but I opened a side door by turning the latch.

I could understand the fascination of burglary so interested was I in appropriating the premises to my use for the night. There was a zest in temporarily owning this place, so beautiful and yet so desolate, which was enhanced by my having to break into it and learn what there was suited to my necessities.

The next thing was to unharness Bob and give him his supper. Then I went into the house with my lunch box, in which I always kept something and in which I now fortunately had enough to satisfy my appetite. There were cupboards in which eatables might be stored, but they were locked. After eating I lighted a lamp in the library and looked over the books. It was evident that whoever had filled these shelves was a well educated and intelligent person. I have never before come upon a library in which every book had a value. And what surprised me most was that some of the books were up to date. I read till quite late, then, throwing myself on the lounge, put out the lamp and went to sleep.

On awakening in the morning I was astonished to detect the odor of coffee. What did it mean? Was the house, after all, occupied? Had the occupants returned late? I arose and went into the dining room. The table was set for breakfast, but for only one person. Hurrying on, I entered the kitchen. On the range a kettle was simmering, and there was a coffee pot that emitted the odor. A toast rack stood on the range, filled, and a couple of eggs were ready for boiling.

I started to find whoever had come in, to apologize for my burglary, and, not finding any one on the ground floor, went cautiously upstairs. The bedroom doors were open as I had left them the night before, but no one was in any of them. The house was as free from any person except myself as it was when I broke into it.

I went downstairs again, looked about me and listened. There was no sound save the simmering kettle in the kitchen.

Was I in my right mind? Was I asleep and dreaming? Was I enacting a play for a movie show?

But the odor of the coffee, the remembrance of the toast and the eggs, to say nothing of a dish of radishes and some tempting butter on the breakfast table, overpowered wonder, and, going into the kitchen, I boiled the eggs, and, removing them and the toast to the breakfast table, I sat down to eat. My grace was:

"Fairy godmother, I thank thee."

Never did a breakfast taste so delicious. There was no great variety, but there was all I wanted. After I had eaten I removed the dishes to the kitchen, poured water from the kettle and proceeded to wash them.

"Fairy godmother," I said aloud, "do me one more favor. Tell me to whom I am indebted for my lodging and especially for the delicious breakfast I have eaten."

"The obligation is all on the other side," said a voice behind me.

Turning quickly, I saw a man standing outside the kitchen, his arms resting on the window sill.

I stood looking at him, not knowing what to say to him. He was an intellectual and refined looking man about thirty years of age. A certain sadness was stamped upon his features, but a change appeared to be breaking over it as a rift in lowering clouds. I was standing with a plate in one hand and a dishcloth in the other gaping at him. Since I had nothing to say he continued:

"You are the first woman who has been in this house in three years. Your being here has broken a spell, I trust forever."

"Will you kindly explain this fairy born breakfast?" I said.

"Certainly. I come here occasionally and happened to come early this morning, having some work to do here. Seeing a horse and conveyance, I proceeded with caution. Looking in at the library window, I saw you sleeping on the lounge. It occurred to me that you would need a breakfast, and I set about preparing it. There was not much to give you, but I trust it sufficed."

"It was delicious. Now that you have explained I trust you will listen to my apology for trespassing on your domain." And I told my story, after which I said that I would not longer keep him out of his own house and suggested that he come inside. But he said that when a man gives up his house to a woman he has no business there so long as she occupies it. To this I replied that I made my own conventional rules. Besides, I would depart as soon as I had finished doing the dishes. But he remained where he was, and when I had finished he placed chairs on the porch, and, I feeling sure that he had a story to tell me, we sat down for further chat. Then for the first time I saw a motorcar standing before the door in which he had come. This was his story:

"I built the house for a summer residence for myself and the woman I expected to marry. She was in delicate health, and we are prone to become more attached to one who is dependent on us for comfort than one who is independent of us. We planned the place together and while it was building used to come out here and watch the materializing of our conceptions. It is not an elaborate place, but we spared no pains to make it dainty.

"Before it was finished I knew that my beloved would not live to enjoy it. She was unconscious of the seriousness of her malady and continued to look forward to our occupancy of it with happy expectation. On no account would I break in upon this anticipation. Instead, I consulted constantly with her how we would have this and how we would arrange that, keeping her interested in what could never be realized in order to shield her from the dread truth.

"While the house was building I continued to make changes in order to prolong the period of construction. In her condition our residence here would not be convenient. She needed the care which she could not have here. When the house was finished I laid new plans for the grounds. One spring—the last of her life—we came out here frequently, and I worked with and directed men in planting and garden improvements, while she lay here on the porch and looked on, making such suggestions as occurred to her.

"Meanwhile my beloved was growing more and more feeble. But not till the day she left me did she realize that we were to be separated; that she would never occupy with me that on which we had lavished so much thought and care.

"All was finished at last. The place was ready, and my beloved's stay on earth came to an end. Perhaps had I not lost an object in the completion of what had so long occupied me I would have borne my bereavement more stoically. As it was, I became one of those who nourish a grief. I have kept up this place and have come here occasionally as another would visit a grave. That cloud has been lifted. When I looked in at the library window and saw a human being there, sleeping, that castle of grief which I have created tumbled about me; these premises, which I have made a tomb of melancholy, have been restored to what they really are."

I listened to this recital with a sympathy that I did not try to conceal. I understood perfectly the change I had wrought. I appreciated the motive—his seeing a living woman in his home—that had led him to prepare a breakfast for her. For years he had had no one upon whom to lavish a single kindly act. Suddenly a woman appeared, and he took advantage of it. Indeed, he told me that the preparation of that meal, his watching me eat it, which he had done surreptitiously, was the happiest moment that come to him in years.

Upon examining Bob we found him still lame, but my new friend found the cause and removed it. He insisted on harnessing the horse to the vehicle, and when I left him he said to me:

"This will be the first day that I have ever spent here free from melancholy."

My forcible entrance to another person's property occurred several years ago. The next time I entered it was as the bride of the owner. Since the place was perfect when it was finished there is nothing to do with it but enjoy it. But if I should see the slightest chance for improvement I would not mention it to my husband. We go there in May and remain through the summer. I have not yet exhausted the attractive landscapes in the vicinity as subjects for sketches.

VIRTUE OF THRIFT.

Cultivate It Earnestly, but Do Not Carry It to Excess.

Thrift is a composite quality. It embraces within itself nearly all of the great virtues. It involves industry, prudence, forethought, self denial.

It certainly has no relation to niggardliness or meanness.

Some men would let their grandmothers starve for the sake of a few dollars. Such action cannot be called thrifty. A virtue carried to excess becomes a vice and is no longer a virtue.

Thrift that does not take into partnership honesty of character develops into covetousness and avarice.

Thrift is the opposite of thriftlessness, prodigality, improvidence and waste.

Thrift means better homes and better food, more comfort and enjoyment, less waste and less anxiety.

It is possible that a large proportion of people have earnings so small that saving seems impossible. But this is no reason for their being unthrifty. On the contrary, it is reason for making the best and the most of the little they have for their health, comfort and true happiness.

A few dollars in a home or a savings bank, or any safe invesment, is as good seed as ever was sown.

Out of it grow confidence, quickened energies, firmer courage, more stalwart thought and hope, more orderly citizenship, education for the children and the independence and self respect that lift aimless, hopeless drudges up to the true manhood that aspires and achieves. —Christian Herald.

QUEER WEDDING CUSTOMS.

In India the Native Guests Literally Paint the Town Red.

They have some curious wedding customs in India. At a native wedding in Bombay the wedding guests literally "paint the town red" by throwing on one another a kind of red powder until they are crimson from head to foot. Their disordered white draperies, the stains and splashes on their faces and hair give them the appearance of victims of a massacre. In India halls which may be secured for a small rental are provided for these ceremonies. But weddings are also celebrated in the Hindu temples, with priests in attendance. In a Hindu temple a bride of twelve must seat herself on a stone and be drenched with water by her bridesmaids. Behind her, her mother is subjected to a similar deluge, and at a short distance behind the bride's mother the grandmother undergoes the same treatment, while in front of the dripping trio two priests sit beside a briskly burning wood fire mumbling the prescribed words for the ceremony. One casts a few grains of rice into the fire and the other, with a ladle, throws into it a few drops of oil.

During these performances the bridegroom, seated in a carriage outside the temple, receives the congratulations of his friends. In the far east the bridegroom would seem to be the member of the party most to be envied.—People's Home Journal.

Japanned English.

A prominent merchant in Osaka, Japan, sent the following to an English firm:

Messrs.—We have much pleasure to requesting your latest catalogue of your products, price list and discount sheets. If it turns satisfactory we shall consider the question of the large orders. Now, our aim doing in this case is our first attempt to prepare ourselves to purchase of the products directory from makers instead of the broker of each side. We must beg your kind co-operation on this new movements. We are of opinion as well as our customers here that will probably obliged us to follow this new principle. Trusting that the result will be encouraging the further business, and remain, etc.

Strictly Ornamental.

Man's only nonutilitarian garment is the necktie. It's as useless as a monocle. Yet we wear 'em. We'd feel awfully awkward walking down the street without one. Once upon a time the necktie was used to fasten the collar on. But now it doesn't do that. Man's necktie is the Indian's eagle feather, the cannibal's necklace of teeth, the mid-African's ivory earrings. It's his pride, on which he bestows much thought, great care. We wonder what would happen to the vanity of the human race, masculine half, in case of a necktie famine.—Toledo News-Bee.

Effect of Discipline.

"Just see how the chickens mind the old hen, Robby," said Mrs. Norris to her son. "Watch them run to her when she calls them."

"I suppose she sat on them when they were little," remarked the infant phenomenon reflectively.

Clever Child.

"You can't eat your cake and have it."

"Well, ma, if I want cake to look at there's plenty in the baker's window." —Pittsburgh Post.

Look Ahead.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Don't be like a grasshopper, which jumps first and afterward looks round for a place to land."

They'll Help Some There.

Save the old tin cans. You'll be putting them to good use if you only can the grouch in them.—Atlanta Constitution.

One of the chief secrets of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS.

First Find the Kind of Work to Which You Are Best Suited.

A friend of mine who is as good a man in his line as anybody in the United States stood in my office a few days ago and said a surprising thing. I had been complimenting him on one of his latest achievements. His face lighted up as he remarked: "Of course I got a lot of money for that job; but, between you and me, I'd do these things for nothing if I couldn't get anybody to pay me for them. I'd rather do them than eat. It's a shame to take the money. Don't give me away, or they'll be asking me to cut down my price, and I'll be doing it."

That sounds like bunk. But wait a minute. Think clear through the proposition. This man will never be cutting down his price at all. It is exactly the other way around with him, and he knows it. The truth is that his income goes on rising, because those he works for keep bidding for his services. What he meant was that he has found the secret of progress and enjoyment—namely, a field of activity to which he is suited and in which he is so interested and happy that he works as if he were playing. No wonder he performs miracles!

Naturally he is glad to have the large sums of money he earns. They are a sort of crude measurement of his efficiency. They show in a rough way how other people estimate his value. But the main point is that he has found his niche and that he concentrates on his job for days and weeks at a stretch. All his thought is concerned with what he can put into his work, not what he can get out of it. Lucky man!

The moral is simply this: Don't fake for years and years an interest in something that bores you. Don't pretend all your life, for the sake of fancied appearances, to enjoy some form of work that you really dislike. Of course you should give yourself a fair trial at a job before throwing it up, because often a man learns to like something that he didn't like when he set out. But you know what I mean—don't keep at it indefinitely. Quit and try something else. Cut and run before it is too late.

The acid test to apply to your job is this: If you had money enough to live on would you stay at it without pay? If you don't love it that much hunt for another—that is, if you are young and free from the responsibilities and obligations which govern older men. The greatest successes of the world are "crazy" about their work. Look at Edison. Look at Paderewski. How those men enjoy their jobs! Can anybody imagine that they love money more than work? And yet each, because of his jealous devotion to his work, has been richly paid in money. Both men are great artists. They have found what they wanted to do and stuck to it. Treat yourself as if you were an artist. To a certain extent you probably are in some line if you will avoid shams and give yourself fully to your job.—American Magazine.

Chest Expansion.

Men and women can increase their lung power—chest expansion it can be called technically—by five minutes' exercise morning and night. Stand up straight on the balls of the feet, head thrown back, and inhale deeply, first inflating the lower part of the lungs, and then the upper. Leave the air out of the lungs slowly, letting the chest sink first. Do this fifteen times morning and night, and the average person will be immune from colds and catarrhs.

How to Tell the German Flag.

The flag of Germany used in every place except on a battleship is composed of three broad stripes, red, white and black, which run the full length of the flag. No other mark distinguishes it. The flag used on a German battleship is white with two black stripes the length and width of the flag, making a large cross and three small black, white and red stripes and a small cross in the upper left hand corner.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

Garden Paths.

Have all garden paths with some plants of fragrance growing alongside. In some gardens of larger size special fragrant pathways are built where they appear to pass through thickets redolent with pleasant odors. But every path may easily have enough fragrance to keep the mind unconsciously in the garden spirit.

Tense Faces.

Many women allow their faces to become tense and set and then wonder why lines develop. Relax the muscles, cultivate a pleasant expression and remember that lips which curve upward and smile are much more attractive than the drooping sort.—Pittsburgh Press.

Expectant.

"What did the doctor advise?"

"A change of scene."

"Do you think you will get it?"

"I have hopes. It's about time for some new advertisement to be painted on the billboards out my way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Polite Reticence.

Guest—Why, Willie, your plate is empty. Don't you like pie? Willie—You bet, but we've got to wait to see if you want a second help.—Baltimore American.

Still Fishing.

He—Pardon me. I didn't catch your last name. She—I haven't caught it yet myself.—Boston Transcript.

Do what you should; attempt what you can.—Chateaubriand.

"Come On, Boys!"

Give the Guard a Fighting Chance

Fight alongside Your Friends

Fill up the National Guard

ALL BRANCHES OF ARMY SERVICE ARE OPEN TO YOU.

"They are mustering in the Guard."

Four times within the memory of living men these tidings have sped from lip to lip throughout Pennsylvania.

Four times, while men's lips have spread this terse message, men's hearts have sensed a stronger tension and men's pulses have known a quickening beat.

For men know that the simple announcement of this shifting of Guard control from State to Federal hands can have but one interpretation—the close approach of a great national crisis.

Once—almost a lifetime ago—the tidings presaged the storm and fury of civil strife into which marched gaily the youthful chivalry of Pennsylvania's militia, to emerge, four years later, stern and masterful conquerors.

A second time the message forecasted the clash of arms which broke the faltering grip of an old-world empire upon an unwilling new-world colony. And again file upon file of Pennsylvania youth was seen on its way to take up the cause of an oppressed people.

Once again—and this time so recent that echoes of the measured tramp are hardly stilled—the mustering-in meant a long jaunt to the far southwest, where the bright face of danger peered over the border.

Today—

"They are mustering in the Guard."

Well may the heart-tension tighten and the pulses leap more responsive than ever to this speeding message. For never before has it been the forerunner of a national peril of such sinister portent.

War's Weird Shadow.

Less than three years ago peace-loving Americans paused in their placid progress to turn a startled eye toward a fearsome spectre, which, suddenly rearing itself in central Europe, stalked rapidly over teeming and prosperous lands, imprinting death and blight with every ghastly footstep.

It was—and is—an uncanny monster of blood, fire and steel, reflecting in its hideous outline the hatred and venom of its creators toward all mankind who do not accept the idea of national existence to which they have dedicated themselves. It is muscle with human flesh and guided by human intelligence on a career of surpassing devilry.

To the safe spectator on America's distant shore came first only a feeling of loathing for this unclean creature and its masters. It seemed unbelievable that a monstrosity so foul and malevolent could spring to life in this enlightened day.

Americans viewing its revolting progress with horrified eyes, did so with only the impersonal interest of unconcerned onlookers. Danger to their own free land—and free institutions—from the dispordings of this monstrous thing appeared too remote to be given any consideration.

Its bloody wallowings so riveted the eye that for a time the grim purpose animating its ruthless onslaughts was entirely uncomprehended.

It was not until Belgium had been shattered almost beyond hope of restoration and liberty-loving France had been brought face-to-face with virtual annihilation, that America grasped the true significance of the demon machine and its workings.

Shall Liberty Vanish?

And who can doubt, today, that this significance is, in all probability, the obliteration of the liberal institutions to which free peoples are committed. Should this machine prevail liberty, as we know it, must, in time, vanish from the face of the earth.

The nation stands today at a crossroad of destiny and the path to the goal of security looms up rugged. Already it is resounding to the tread of armed men. The regular army is on the move and now the call has gone out for the country's second line of defense—the National Guard.

Pennsylvania once more is calling her loyal sons. It is a time of stir and bustle and furbishing of sword and gun and bayonet from the banks of the Delaware to the shores of Lake Erie. Armories are ringing to the clang of weapons and stalwart young figures, there, are seen tugging at strap and buckle in the bundling of accoutrements.

More than usual, there is noted the prevalence of military uniforms in the street crowds. And the walls are everywhere proclaiming the need of filling up gaps in the various arms of the service.

The Guard is pulling itself together for another sally to the "front." There is every indication that its departure on this occasion will be more inspiring than ever as a display of a great State's military power.

The country is proud of its regular fighting men but, after all, the home sentiment clings more fondly to the fighting men of the Guard. Pride in the regular army units is impersonal because they are recruited from the country-at-large.

But with the Guard it is different. When a Guard regiment musters-in it carries with it to the firing line the good name of a particular community. In that steel-tipped column swinging so jauntily down the street, when the Guard is passing by, are boys from home.

Guards Rank as Veterans.

It is a veteran force which will, on this occasion, represent Pennsylvania in the Federal service. The Guard is but recently returned from a strenuous period of duty on the Mexican border. Long hours of stiff practice in military maneuver under the blistering rays of a tropical sun have case-hardened the guardsmen. And their efficiency has become a matter of national record.

They "did their bit" side by side with the regular army on the borderland, acquiring, by emulation, many of the campaigning tricks of the experienced soldier.

But efficient as is this fine State soldiery, its numerical strength is much below the war standard fixed by the Federal government. Some regiments can muster, at present, only two-thirds of the number they should have in their ranks.

Pennsylvania's young manhood which recently made such an inspiring response to the call for registration now has another patriotic duty confronting it. Those who have registered are eligible for military service. Sooner or later they will be ordered to report for physical examination and, if up to the physical requirements, will be ordered into the military service.

There is no obligation, however, upon a registered man to await a formal call to arms. In fact, since it is more than likely he must go it is greatly to his own advantage to be the arbiter, himself, of where, when and how he shall go.

Enlistment Beats Draft.

Isn't it better, by way of example, for an eligible man to enlist, now, in a crack Guard regiment of his home section, where he will stand shoulder-to-shoulder with friends, than to hold back until ordered into the service, assigned, perhaps, to a newly-formed command where he will be a stranger among strangers?

There is the glory of regimental prestige—the satisfaction that springs from association with an organization of old and honored traditions—and the confidence that is begotten of comradeship to commend voluntary enlistment. All of these are assured to the man who picks a home regiment.

On the other hand, none of these things is assured to the man who waits for a regiment to pick him. Voluntary enlistment gives a sure-thing choice. But the only sure thing in store for the man who waits is the sure thing that he will have to go, if he is fit to go.

The Guard offers the same inducement in variety of service that is offered by the regular army. Infantry, artillery, cavalry and engineers are open to recruiting.

This puts the Guard on the footing of the regular service, of which it is soon to be a part. From the recruiting end, Guard service is even more desirable with its opportunities afforded recruits to be placed in the ranks with the boys from home.

Always maintaining the highest pay of any army in the world, the army service—both regulars and Guard—has taken a new lead far beyond even its old pay-roll standard. The rate of pay for enlisted men is now $30 per month and upwards.

Even at $30 a month there is a big inducement to save. Since everything is "found" for men in the service, expenditures need only be for a few personal luxuries. It is figured that a man may easily save two-thirds of his pay. There is a system in vogue by which the money may be left on deposit, and 4 per cent interest is allowed.

Army's Brighter Side.

And these are details not to be overlooked even by men who are keen in hot-hearted desire to serve their State and Nation. That there are many such is the confident hope of the Pennsylvania Guard.

It is men of that calibre who have made the Guard what it is today. And it is to men of that calibre whom they are appealing to make the Guard what it must be in the future if it is meet the high hopes of the State, the Nation and a stricken world.

The sky is over-cast, and the war-clouds have gathered. There is sore need here, and elsewhere, of that pictured uprising of patriot manhood to strike a blow for the Old Flag and the Old Land.

And now—what does the mustering-in of the National Guard mean to you?

Has it stirred you to no sense of your personal responsibility in this great crisis?

Has it not caused you to feel that it is your duty to stand in those bristling ranks—your country's living walls of defense—just as much as it is the duty of those gallant men who have been standing there from the first moment of danger?

If it does not mean all of this—and more—to you, then you have failed to grasp its meaning.

Pennsylvania treasures grateful memories of sons who have nobly responded to her call in every grave hour of the past.

Shall Pennsylvania's call, today, find sons too indifferent to give heed in this the gravest moment of her history?

There is one sure response:

Fill up the National Guard.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 28 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH. - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$125
One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Kelchline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 18th, 1917.

Keep your eye on the potato crop. It's going to be a hummer.

There can be no permanent peace until the Kaiser is wiped off the map.

Let the eagle scream on theFourth and keep on screaming until our boys return home victors from France.

The day is not far distant when the amateur gardener will be in a position to tell the food gamblers to go to.

The aim of the Red Cross is to help your boy if he is ill or wounded during the war. Are you helping the Red Cross?

Wonder what the Kaiser said when he got the news of the Liberty Loan and the big subscription to the Red Cross. Safe to say it wasn't fit to print.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Mrs. Walsh, of Jersey City, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Sarah Kelly, on Bishop street.

Have you subscribed to the Red Cross? If not do it now. The government needs every dollar it can get.

Asbury Lee, A. J. Musser and six other stockholders of the State-Centre Electric Company came to Bellefonte Friday from Clearfield. From here they went to Millersburg, Dauphin county. They were on a tour of inspection of all their plants.

The Fourth of July in Bellefonte will be a very tame affair. There has been no preparation for any demonstration of any kind. After we "lick" the Kaiser a big demonstration will follow. We suppose our people are saving their energies for that event.

Walter Lilly and Miss Mary Olewine, of near Lewisburg, came to Bellefonte Tuesday and remained until Wednesday afternoon as guests of Mrs. John I. Olewine and Mrs. John Kline. Mr. Lilly makes a specialty of running a poultry and dairy farm. He has made this business a study and therefore is profiting accordingly.

Miss Lydie Morris, of Bellefonte, has been appointed chairman of the "Red Cross" knitting and will be very glad to have anyone desirous of volunteering their work to call her on the Bell phone No. 34. She also requests odds and ends of zephyr or yarns to be sent to her to be used in making shawls for the peasant women of France.

The engagement of David Washburn and Miss Artie Keller, of Bellefonte has been announced. The wedding will take place some time the coming fall. The bride-to-be is a charming and accomplished young lady. Miss Keller is quite well known in Bellefonte as a professional trained nurse. Mr. Washburn is one of our popular citizens and his friends will be pleased to know that he contemplates taking the matrimonial step.

Joseph Sourbeck, son of the late John M. Sourbeck, arrived in Bellefonte Sunday on a seven day furlough. He is on the Minnesota war ship which has been out cruising for some time. He looks like a sailor boy and says he likes his job very well. About all the other Bellefonte High School boys are on the same boat and sent greetings to the folks at home. "Joe" was very sorry that he was not able to be here at the funeral of his father.

Misses Janet Potter, Edna Mallory, Winifred Gates and Daisy Keichline will leave Bellefonte today (Thursday) at noon for Chambersburg where they will attend the annual conference of the Young Women'sState Missionary Society which will be held at Wilson College. They expect to be absent about three weeks. Before returning home they will visit the battlefield at Gettysburg and pay their respects to Governor Brumbaugh at Harrisburg.

The Thimble Bee, held fortnightly by the ladies of the Reformed church, met last Friday at the home of Miss Elizabeth Rhinesmith, about two miles south of Bellefonte. The ladies went out in the morning and spent the day. Miss Rhinesmith served a splendid dinner to her 37 guests. Red Cross work was done and a splendid social time was the result. A number of automobiles took the ladies to the home of Miss Rhine smith and brought them back in the evening.

Matthias Dooley Dead.

In quick succession the Great Commander of the Universe has been calling the citzens of Bellefonte from time into eternity. There has hardly a week passed of late that some one has not laid down his earthly armor, and places that once knew them shall know them no more forever. As in a twinkling of an eye Matthias J. Dooley one of the popular citizens of the town, answered the call Monday morning at 6.45 o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Beezer, on east Bishop street, with whom he boarded for a number of years. "Mat" as he was familiarly known among his friends here, had been ailing for over a year with rheumatism and stomach trouble. It was only within a few months ago that he felt he was losing ground physically. About two weeks ago he suffered from an attack of acute indigestion. He was of a cheerful disposition and amid his trials and sufferings he tried not to make it unpleasant for those around him.

For years he had been the faithful and efficient book-keeper for the Fuel & Supply Co., and it was not until two weeks ago that he was compelled to remain away from the office. Saturday he was down street for a short time and left his friends under the impression that he was improving. Sunday he sat out on the porch and conversed with friends as they passed. Monday morning Mrs. Beezer went into his room and asked how he was when he complained of having pain in the bowels. Mrs. Beezer went down stairs to get him some hot coffee, in the meantime Philip Beezer, who was in an adjoining room, heard a noise in Mr. Dooley's room as if some one had fallen and on going to see what had happened found him on the floor holding to a chair. He called for Mrs. Beezer and they placed him back in bed and after a short time he expired.

Deceased was the son of Patrick and Margaret Dooley and was born in Bellefonte 63 years ago. Early in life he clerked in the stores of Bellefonte. He finally devoted himself to book-keeping and as stated filled this position for years at the office of the Fuel & Supply Co. He was honest as steel but was exacting in all his business relations. He had a keen sense of Irish wit that popularized among a large circle of friends. Early in life he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Bauer, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Bauer, who preceded him to the grave sixteen years ago. His parents died a number of years ago. He is survived by one sister, Margaret. The funeral was held from the Catholic church, of which he was a member Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, Father Gallagher officiating.

Death of Nancy Jane White.

Mrs. Nancy Jane White, relict of David White, died Saturday night at 10.30 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ross Wallace, who resides on Allegheny street over Meese's store. Her death was due to heart failure and a general breakdown. She was born at Axe Mann November 29th, 1843, and was the daughter of David M. and Elizabeth Emel, deceased. Her husband died about 27 years ago. The only surviving daughter is Mrs. Ross Wallace, of Bellefonte. Her brother and sisters are as follow: Zack Emel, Tyrone; Mrs. A. B. Steele, Bellefonte; Mrs. Charlotte Morris, Rochester, Penna. She was a christian lady and did good work during her life in helping those who were in distress and needed her kindly aid. The funeral was held Wednesday morning from the Wallace home at 10.30 o'clock. Rev. C. C. Shuey officiating. Interment in the Union cemetery.

Guy Goodrich Dead.

Guy Goodrich, son of Mrs. Sarah Goodrich, of Philipsburg, in a fit of despondency, growing out of his physical condition, committed suicide Saturday morning about 11 o'clock by stabbing himself with a pen knife. The incision was at the lower part of the heart, causing an internal hemorrhage.

About the hour indicated he borrowed a pen knife from another member of the household and went to the cellar. It was thought, of course, he had gone there to whittle or do some work. Nothing was known of his rash act until a little later he was heard struggling to gain the head of the stairs, and after taking a couple of gasps, fell over dead.

The deceased, who was aged about 51 years, had lived in Philipsburg practically all his life. He is survived by his aged mother and several brothers and sisters. The funeral was held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Miss Josephine Merryman Dead.

Last Thursday morning at 7.30 o'clock Miss Josephine Merryman, a daughter of the late Leonard and Marie Merryman, passed away at the home of her niece, Mrs. L. F. Calderwood, Tyrone, of pneumonia. Miss Merryman was born near Bald Eagle, Taylor township, Centre county, in 1851. Sixteen years ago she went to Tyrone and for several years had been making her home with her niece, Mrs. Calderwood. She was a devoted member of the Methodist church. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. John McMonigle, of Hannah. Funeral services were conducted at the Calderwood home on Saturday morning at 9.45 o'clock, by Rev. M. S. Derstine. Interment was made in Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

Patriotic Music Sunday.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Sunday, July 1st, the fourth after Trinity, and the Sunday before Independence Day, will be observed as a day of special emphasis upon the Christian virtue of patriotism. Services as follows : 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist, offered to God for guidance to the President and Congress. 8.45 a. m. Mattins. 10 a. m. Church School and Men's Bible Class. Pledge of allegiance to the Cross, the banner of Christianity, and to the Flag, the banner of the Republic. 11 a. m. Holy Eucharist, offered to God for His blessing on the forces of our Country and her allies, for our soldiers and sailors with special mention of those from Bellefonte. Sermon, "Proclaim Liberty." Collection for the Red Cross, at the disposal of the Bellefonte brrnch. 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and sermon, "America's Righteous Cause." Special patriotic music at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m., including "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "America;" organ and violin in the morning, organ, drum and trumpet in the evening. Visitors will find a cordial welcome. No Friday evening services during July and August. Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, rector.

Mrs. Annie Musser Reeser Dead.

Mrs. Annie M. Musser Reeser, widow of the late J. H. Reeser, died Tuesday morning at 9.45 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Hunter, at State College. Her death was the result of rheumatism and a complication of other diseases. She was the daughter of Andrew and Rachel Musser, and on the 12th of March, 1843, was born on the Gordon farm in Spring township. In 1867, she was united in marriage to J. H. Reeser who preceded her to the grave about eight years ago. She was a most excellent woman who had many friends throughout the county. She was kind and good to those around her and will be greatly missed. She is survived by the following children : A. M. Reeser, Strassburg, Lancaster county; Mrs. Minnie Hunter, State College, and H. W. Reeser, Snow Shoe. She is also survived by a brother, James G. Musser, State College. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and Rev. Martin, of that congregation officiated.

Mrs. Catherine Goss Dead.

Mrs. Catherine Goss, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of Central Pennsylvania, died at Osceola Sunday evening. The deceased was born at Halfmoon, Centre county, on April 18th, 1816, making her age 101 years, 2 months and 6 days. She was the daughter of German parents, John and Lydia Gearhart by name. When a small child, then the youngest of three children, she went with her parents to a small farm near Philipsburg.

Deserves a Medal.

If Theodore Roosevelt has any more medals to present to parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Edgar Emig, of York, deserve his consideration. Their 29th child arrived on May 20th.

John Barnes, the dairyman, of Pleasant Gap, went away to work and left the business of delivering milk with his son Joseph Barnes. Tuesday afternoon he and a companion by the name of Markle, took the car and left the country. They got some distance out from Renovo when the road became too slippery to run the car and they just let it stand and left for parts unknown. They were caught at Renovo last night and will be brought home today.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two izes 25c and 50c at all stores.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

Itch ! Itch ! Itch !—Scratch ? Scratch ! Scratch ! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching. 50c. a box.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	30
Eggs	35

GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.50
Oats	70
Rye	1.00

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Soldier's Wedding

He Was Called to the Colors and to Matrimony With Equal Suddenness.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Being ordered to join the colors for the great world's war I donned my uniform and took a train for the rendezvous. On alighting at the terminal station I was passing between two lines of persons who had come to meet expected wayfarers, when suddenly I saw a pretty girl among them looking radiant with happiness, which it was plain, arose from seeing me. Since she was a stranger to me, thinking it was a case of mistaken identity, I advanced toward her to bring about an explanation. As soon as I reached her she put up her mouth to be kissed.

Soldiers are not noted for throwing kisses over their shoulders. I kissed the ruby lips, and they acted like wine to steal away my discretion. I permitted the young lady to continue in her mistake.

"I have the car outside," she said. And as we walked along she commented on the change in my appearance since she had seen me last, noting especially that my mustache made a great difference in my appearance and was an improvement. When we reached the car I hesitated. Dare I meet the young ladies' relatives, who might easily detect the difference between me and the man for whom I had been mistaken? The girl got in and took the wheel.

"Well?" she said, looking at me in surprise that I did not follow her.

"I suppose I should report at the rendezvous at once," I said.

"I thought you had arranged to be excused till after the"—

She hesitated and failed to go on.

"Oh, yes; I forgot!" I said.

I took the seat beside her, and we started on. Where we were going I did not know. On the way it came out that the young lady had not seen me—or the man I was mistaken for—for three years, but that a love affair between them had lain dormant during the period and had been warmed into life by the war. The most important point did not come out. If it had I should have made an immediate and inglorious retreat.

During the ride I had excellent practice in defensive skirmishing. I was constantly on the ragged edge of exposure, for it would have been an exposure of my taking advantage of the young lady's mistake. If when the day of fighting came I should act on the defensive with as much keen perception of dangers and as much ingenuity in meeting them I would come out of the fray with a medal of honor. I had an advantage in the years she and her lover had been separated, and I made the most of it. My memory proved very defective.

I formed a plan. Sooner or later the fact that there had been a mistake must come out. Then I would pretend that I had made it as well as the girl. That would let me out.

We drove several miles into the suburbs and entered grounds in the center of which stood a handsome house, from the roof of which floated the Stars and Stripes. Supposing I should soon meet persons who would detect the difference between me and the man I had been mistaken for, I prepared to act my part. When we brought up under a porte-cochere a number of persons, young and old, came out to meet us. Not one of them looked at me with any surprise, though a middle aged lady—she turned out to be the girl's mother—when she kissed me remarked that had she met me casually she would not have known me.

Evidently the time had not come for a denouement. I regretted this, for I felt that I was getting deeper in the mire every minute. We all went into the house, and I was shown to a room where I might get the dust off my clothes. I was long about it, for I was trying to think up a new plan for extricating myself, the one I had laid having failed. I could think of no other and resolved to be guided by circumstances. To suddenly come out and acknowledge that I had permitted the young lady to continue in a mistake which I knew from the first was a mistake would put me in a position I did not like.

After spending half an hour in my room I went downstairs. Every eye in the room was directed toward me. The girl's mother led me to a man in clerical garb and introduced me. Why was he there, and why was I especially presented to him? My valor began to desert me. I was on the verge of panic.

The girl entered the room, and, wonderful to say, she was in bridal costume! Everybody looked at me, and I must have presented a startling appearance, for they all regarded me intently.

Then for the first time it occurred to me that this was one of those quick soldier weddings, the man being suddenly called to the colors. The groom had not put in an appearance and I had been mistaken for him.

There are two kinds of persons in the world. The one on meeting an enemy is seized with an irrepressible impulse to take to his heels; the other is seized with an equally irrepressible impulse to dash forward. This does not pertain alone to physical encounters; it is equally true in necessarily quick, important decisions. Judging from my action in this dilemma, I fancy I belong to the latter class.

I felt like a soldier on the battlefield, who must either run from the enemy or dash forward for safety. I did not seize a standard and cry, "Forward!" But I did what amounted to the same thing. I advanced toward the bride and led her to the parson, who was standing at one end of the room with a book in his hand.

There was but one halt in the wedding ceremony. When asked for the ring I had no ring. I muttered something about hurrying to join the colors and stupid forgetfulness. The bride's mother took a ring from her finger and handed it to me. I put it on the bride's finger and in a few minutes was a married man. As soon as I could escape congratulations I announced that if I did not join my regiment at once I would be pronounced a poltroon and a coward, and, leaving my regretful bride, I dashed out, got into the car in which I had come and, leaving an astonished throng, turned on the power and sped out of the grounds into the street.

I had not gone a block before I saw a man in uniform and carrying a suit case hurrying in the opposite direction. Turning to the curb, I shouted "Hey, there!"

He looked at me and, not recognizing me, was about to hurry on. He appeared to be about my age, my build and looked not unlike me.

"Going to be married?" I asked.

"Yes; I'm late. Excuse me. I must get on."

"Get in here," I said, opening the car door.

Thinking that I was intending to aid him in making haste, he did as I bade him. Instead of turning and driving back, I sped on.

"What are you doing?" he cried. "Let me out. I was to have been married at noon, and it is now a quarter past."

I increased the pace.

"Who are you? And where are you taking me?" he cried.

"Comrade!" said I in an impressive voice.

"Comrade be hanged! Are you going to kidnap me?"

"Have you any bowels of compassion?"

"Let me out of this or I'll"—

"Can you bear to hear some bad news?"

"Yes. Hurry up. Has anything happened to Lillian?"

"She's married."

"Married!"

"Yes, married; married by mistake."

"Married by mistake! Are you demented?"

"Not demented; a crack brained idiot."

He looked at me as though he believed that I had told the truth, then asked:

"Whom has Lillian married?"

"Me," I groaned.

"For heaven's sake, cease to tantalize me and tell me what all this means."

I struck a broad country road at this moment and, slackening my pace, told him the story of what had happened to me during the past two hours. When I had finished the recital I said to him solemnly:

"For Lillian's sake, for heaven's sake, do not reveal this blunder. Let Lillian"—it was fortunate I had learned her name—"remain in ignorance that she has married the wrong man."

I suppose it was my intensity that convinced him of the truth of my story. At any rate he expressed no doubt that the girl he was to have married had become my wife. Possession is nine points in the law. In addition to the shock he would bring to Lillian by making known her mistake and my rascally taking advantage of it, there must be a divorce. He confessed that he had not seen her for three years; that, being ordered to the colors, he had revived an old attachment and had written her that since he must go to the war he preferred to go leaving behind him a wife who would care for him if he returned maimed and mourn for him if killed.

"A somewhat selfish view to take of the matter," I suggested.

"Yes, and I wonder she accepted the proposal. I suppose it was patriotism. All the women are losing their heads about the war."

"It seems to me," I said after a pause, "that it is tweedledum and tweedledee between us. You were to have been married with a selfish motive. I permitted a girl to remain in a mistake she had made till, being cornered, I committed a still more rash act. It seems to me that we are both beholden to do what seems to be for her best interest. If you will permit her to remain in her mistake I will do the same till a favorable time arrives for a confession. Then if she will remain my wife I will do my best to make her happy.

"All this is very fine, but where do I come in?"

The remark was discouraging, but I kept on holding before him the trouble he might cause by claiming his rights and the nobility of character he would show by resigning his bride for her own good. I was two hours about the work, but in the end I succeeded, and he consented to let the matter rest as it was.

I bade the man whose place I had taken goodby, with a "God bless you, noble man that you are," and reported to my regiment. I have not since visited my bride, having been at once sent away on a special duty. But I have written her some heartfelt letters and have received equally heartfelt replies from her.

I have not yet made a confession. In the first place, I prefer to make one personally rather than in writing; in the second, I am pouring out my heart to her with a view to making her the better satisfied with me when she learns that she has married the wrong man.

ART IN WARFARE.

Color Schemes Used to Deceive the Eyes of the Enemy.

Early in the great world war the young painters in France formed what they called the Bataillon de la Camoufle, a battalion whose duties consist of "making up" guns, autos, shelters and even whole landscapes to deceive the enemy's eyes—the aeroplanes. They impart to a munition depot the innocent appearance of a prairie. The 75's under their hands take on the semblance of old trees. Tree trunks and old carts are transfigured by these artists into formidable batteries on which the hostile fire may spend itself. They color the autos to resemble roads or fields.

The grand chief of the Camoufle is the celebrated decorator Forain, who earned his war cross at the front. Nor is this work without its dangers. The camoufleur must repeatedly ascend in avions to judge the effect of his work or to decide on the necessary retouching to be done. He must sometimes advance ahead of the first lines during the night to take measurements which will permit him to imitate exactly a certain tree trunk or a part of a crumbled wall in No Man's Land, which must be copied, molded by clever sculptors and armored the same night to serve as shelters for observers.—Cartoons Magazine.

IRON IN WATER.

The Merest Trace of the Metal Will Impart a Distinct Taint.

What would you consider one of the most powerful agents with which to flavor water? Would it be iron?

A half part per million of iron in water is detectable by taste, and more than four or five parts make a water unpalatable. In some mineral springs iron is the constituent which imparts a medicinal value to the water, but ordinarily it is undesirable.

More than 2.5 parts per million in water used for laundering makes a stain on clothes. Iron must be removed from water from which ice is made or a cloudy discolored product will result. An iron content of over two or three parts per million in water used in the manufacture of paper will stain the paper.

Iron is harmful in water used for steaming, for it is in equilibrium with acids which inside the boiler become dissociated, with the result that the free acids corrode the boiler plates, but the amount of iron carried in solution by most waters is so small that the damage it does to steam boilers generally amounts to little. The removal of iron from water is sometimes easy and sometimes very difficult.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

A Little Bit o' Brass.

"It is just a little bit o' brass," laughed a St. Louis girl who keeps house, "but it is a useful little bit. I use it to scrape my dishes before I wash them and particularly my cooking dishes, pots and pans and such things. It can be kept clean so much more easily than one of those wire things or any other arrangement that I have had. It is just a plain, smooth, oblong piece of brass with a small hole in it, and it has smooth edges too. There is nothing to catch or hold any dirt. It does not cut like a knife nor scratch, but removes just what it is supposed to remove and leaves the rest. Moreover, it is not only useful, but decorative, too, hanging here over the sink by the window, where the sunshine makes it look like a little square of gold."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Foundation of Happy Marriage.

In the Woman's Home Companion a writer says:

"It was Jane Welsh Carlyle who wrote these words after thirty years of married life:

"'I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined, and I am miserable.'

"Science has taught us a great many interesting things about race progress and eugenics, but the fundamental principle of eugenics seems to have discovered itself very early in the history of the race. Healthy children are usually those who are born of happy marriages."

Keep the Weeds Down.

Attack the weeds as soon as they appear in the garden. It is less work to keep a garden clean from the beginning than it is after the weeds have made a good start. Weeds are gross feeders and rob the garden plants of food and moisture they require.

Dandelions, plantain and dock can best be removed from the lawn by cutting them off below the crown. Fill up the holes with earth. Cut the weeds every two weeks and all will soon disappear.—New York Sun.

Once Was Enough.

Mrs. McLap was about to pull off a social for the benefit of the Civic club.

"Are you going to invite Mrs. Nexdore?" asked her niece.

"I should say not!" answered the old lady. "I entertained her once, and she never recuperated."

It Would.

"What kind of a dress would be most appropriate for a garden party?"

"I think a lawn dress would."—Baltimore American.

Her Retort.

He—My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof. She—I don't live on the roof!

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present.

rrespondence

Snow Shoe

The ollment of the local Red Cross orga on up-to-date follows:—

Jo Kelley, Rev. J. F. Connelly, Mrs. P. Kelley, L. M. Kelley, J. L. Red Mrs. L. Redding, W. B. Hall, Tho Redding, J. F. Noll, Albert B. Orr Harris Hoy, W. M. O'Brien, J. M. esky, Frank Lucas, Mrs. O. G. Mor Mrs. Arthur Budinger, Mrs. T. B. ger, Blanche Budinger, Elizabethnn, Mrs. W. G. Budinger, Mrs. W. nopper, Jean M. Harris, Mrs. J. J. fe, Mrs. R. F. Budinger, Mrs. J. ley, Mary E. Redding, Mrs. L. A. Dowell, Anna Brooks, Fannie Bro Beatrice Kisling, Mrs. O. J. Har Mrs. J. A. Kelley, Margaret J. Mus Mrs. J. P. Irvin, Mrs. William Con Mrs. James Russell, Mrs. W. A. el, W. Cordes Snyder, Jr., Marjorn Snyder, W. C. Snyder, Joseph Qun W. Richardson, C. A. Boyd, Ant Redding, James J. Morgan, Geo. Sun Mrs. F. J. Vogt, Mrs. Jenkin Dav Christina Lorrah, Marella Reddin Ed. H. Harris, M.D., Jane Harris, Ted arris, R. C. Gilliland, Pat Quirk, O. Morgan, Lenore Morgan, Pat W. Kel Mrs. Emma Rown, Mrs. Lucy R. iteman, Mrs. J. C. Irwin, Mrs. Ortonaway, H. M. Harm, Mrs. K. A. Kro Mrs. A. Baraclaugh, Arthur Baraclaih, Mrs. W. D. O'Brien, Mrs. Lem Zinn, J. F. Musser, M. B. Culver, Mrs. John Confer, Mrs. William Vail, Mrs. E. Bland, Mrs. Margaret Croyle, Edna J. ker, J. M. Gilliland, Mrs. Philip Sha Sarah Holt, Mrs. Pierce Watson Edn Lebkecher, Mrs. Burnley, Mrs. Ray Rown.

The citizens of the town are looking forard to the completion of the new city all. The authorities expect to have it uder roof this fall. The new structurewill be fifty-eight by thirty-eight feetn dimensions, of two stories and comodious basement, the latter to contain a massively built dungeon and the heating plant. The main floor will be occpied by an auditorium and stage. The upper story will be devoted to council room, reading room and laboratory. There being no building of this character in this section it is thought that considerable revenue will be derived from it by renting the auditorium for balls, lectures and similar uses.

Visitors to Snow Shoe comment on the evidences it presents of being an intensely industrial community, a busy beehive of earnest workers. A loafer here is a rarity. Old and young are engaged in productive occupation. The existing high compensation for labor is powerful incentive to our boys to work. With a war cloud looming on the horizon, foreshadowing an appalling draft on the brawn, bone and blood of the nation, the demands on all workers, old and young, will become still more exacting and imperative. The miners are producing as they never did before, and in the few off hours from regular employment the lots and plots are being cultivated and made productive to increase the cause and add to the embarrassments of the Tenton Kaiser.

Cashier McDowell, of the Kelley Bank, is off duty on a vacation.

The Uzzle hotel is undergoing a thorough renovation. Extensive repairs have been made and the exterior is now being painted.

The new Pastime theatre building nears completion. It it a well built brick building and presents a handsome appearance.

The Clapper barber establishment is being ornamented with a coat of paint.

The flourishing local Tribe of Red Men presented Sachem J. F. Uzzle with a beautiful gold watch as a testimonial of their regard. A brother member supplemented the gift with a fine gold charm. Mr. Uzzle is one of the most energetic and busiest of all Snow Shoe's hustling citizens.

The Methodist Episcopal congregation, Rev. Mr. Burnley, pastor, worshipped with the Presbyterian church Sabbath evening, on invitation of its pastor, Rev. J. J. Wolfe. Two visiting elders of the Presbyterian church of Bellefonte were present. Prof. James R. Hughes, of the Bellefonte Academy, and James H. Potter, who delivered addresses. Cecil Walker, of Bellefonte, sang a solo.

According to the results of the final examination of the High school the Seniors of next year will be as follows: Fannie Brooks, Beatrice Dougherty, Elsie Etters, Velda Etters, Clandina Smith. Some of the papers of the middlers will be reviewed to determine if the class will be increased in number. The new class is a very promising one.

Edwin Watson has returned home from New York City, where he has been employed.

Miss Anna Brooks has returned home from a visit with relatives at Altoona.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Kelley, have returned to their home in this place.

John Banks and sister Laura, Murry Gilliland, Miss Edith Walker and Mrs. Ladeven spent Sunday with Miss Annie Marks, at Jersey Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Albright and daughter spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Budinger.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Harris, also Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Young and son Robert, attended the funeral of Dr. Hayes, at Bellefonte last Friday.

The Messrs. and Misses Adleman, of Philipsburg, motored to Snow Shoe on Sunday and spent the afternoon as guests of the Lawrence Redding family.

The base ball team will hold its annual picnic on July 4th. They will play two games of ball, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. A big parade in the morning. All are invited to come.

Mrs. James Russel and Mrs. William Whiteman went to Niagara Falls on Sunday.

Miss Myra Watson and sister Sarah, have returned home from a long visit at Philadelphia.

William Malone spent Sunday at Osceola Mills.

Rev. and Mrs. Hodgson, of Antes Fort spent Friday and Saturday with many friends at this place.

The Catholics of this place started the foundation for the new church, June 11th. On account of the scarcity of labor it is not known yet when the corner stone will be laid.

Misses Elizabeth Glenn, Pauline Budinger and Cleland Driscoll, spent Thursday in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vail are visiting in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Reeser attended the funeral of the former's mother, Mrs. Maria Reeser, at State College.

Miss Anna Haley, of Erie, is visiting relatives at this place.

Harris Meredith spent Monday with relatives at this place.

Dr. E. E. Sparks Speaks.

Discussing the outlook of educational institutions during the war, Dr. Edwin Erle Sparks, president of the Pennsylvania State College, in his annual statement to the board of trustees said:

"What the next year will bring, no one can foresee. The registration for the freshman class is about one-fourth below what it was at this time last year. But we are all hoping that in the midst of this call to arms, which tends to revert civilization and education to savagery, that we shall hold fast to our educational system in full realization that we shall need the most highly developed type of mind, not only during the war, but afterward in order to rehabilitate the world.

"Let our motto be: 'Full barns to feed our allies; full schools to provide for our future; and full determination to see that a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy, your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Boalsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Workinger, son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Shank and son, of Milroy, spent Sunday at the Ira Rishel home.

Mrs. George Houtz and daughter, visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn, at Williamsport.

Mrs. Robert Harter and son, of State College visited Mrs. Harter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, from Friday until Monday. Mr. Harter spent Sunday with the family.

Mrs. Samuel Stover and two sons, of Pleasant Gap, were visitors at the Wm. Stover home part of last week.

A. W. Dale spent Saturday with relatives at Pine Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones and Dr. Jones and wife, of Kylertown, Miss Willo Waite and Mr. Sharp, of Philipsburg, and Mrs. Elmer Houtz and daughter, of Boalsburg, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. E. E. Brown. Mrs. (Dr.) Jones, a sister of Mrs. Brown, will spend a short time with friends here.

Among the people who took advantage of the excursion to Niagara Falls on Sunday were, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hazel, Mrs. Laura Bricker, Misses Annie Fogelman, Ruth Yarnell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kuhn, Irvin Walker, Riley Stover, Ralph Rockey, Calvin Nickelson, Guyer Durst, Cyrus Wagner, Charles Hosterman, Earl Philips, Carl Williams, Fred Brouse, John Smith, Donald Williams, George Bohn and Paul Coxey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hall and daughter Virginia, of Huntingdon, were visitors at the Dr. L. E. Kidder home from Saturday until Sunday.

There will be Children's service in the Reformed church on Sunday evening, July 1st.

Miss Beryl Brouse spent a week with her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Brouse, at Pine Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bartley, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. Charles Kuhn. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Knarr, of Milesburg. Mr. Knarr is an uncle of Mrs. Bartley and Mrs. Kuhn.

Mrs. Henrietta Dale and daughter Annie, were Bellefonte visitors from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shugarts and daughter Dorothy, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bucher, of Altoona, visited Mrs. Shugart's sisters, Mrs. E. W. Hess and Mrs. George Shugarts, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bailey visited the former's sister, Mrs. Keller Mothersbaugh, at Hepburnville.

Port Matilda.

J. M. Williams made a business trip to Tyrone Monday.

Harry Thompson, of North East, Md., was in town on business recently.

Mrs. H. M. Crain shopped in Tyrone last Wednesday.

Miss Veta Patton, of Tyrone, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Fred Leathers, of Howard, was in town on business last week.

Mrs. Paul Reese, and children of Tyrone, visited relatives here last week.

Walter Bennett and family, of Tyrone, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. William Bennett last week.

Misses Sarah and Kathryn Hoover, Lemon Eller and H. L. Shope motored to Tyrone and Bellwood Wednesday evening of last week.

Miss Roby Burns, of Bellwood, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Sigel.

Merrill Givler, of Tyrone, and Miss Edna Clauss, of Blandburg, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Crain.

Mrs. S. D. Miller and daughter, of Altoona, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Price.

Miss Trixie Patton, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Patton.

Niel Benn and family, of State College, visited H. C. Woodring over Sunday.

Harry and William Robison were severely shaken up Sunday afternoon when their motorcycle upset near Hannah Furnace.

Mrs. R. E. Shively and children spent Saturday and Sunday at Glen Iron with her husband's parents.

Herbert Cowher and wife, of Tyrone, visited relatives in town Sunday.

Chas. Woodring, of State College, was in town Monday.

Dr. Potts, of Bedford county, delivered a very good temperance lecture in the Methodist church Sunday evening having been sent here by the Anti-Saloon League.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crain entertained the following persons at dinner Sunday: W. Scott Crain and family, Misses Sara and Kathryn Hoover, Edna Clause and Madeline Crain.

Don't forget the big celebration Wednesday. Come and spend the whole day. The parade will be about two o'clock followed by the ball games and other athletic stunts. A festival will be held in the evening. We are sure you will have no reason to be sorry you came.

Advertise in "The Republican."

Pine Grove Mills

It's now haymaking but the crop is short.

George A. Goss spent Sabbath in town lately.

Joseph B. Goss, of Pittsburgh, is visiting his many friends in and about town.

Charles S. Danley, of Wardsworth, Ohio, is visiting his parental home on west Main street, where his aged mother is seriously ill.

J. Emmet Brett, a former Pine Grove boy, who twenty-five years ago took Horace Greeley's advice to go west and grow up with the country, is visiting friends in the old Keystone State. This week he is at Lock Haven attending the anniversary of his alma mater.

Mrs. Harry Wagner, of Oak Hall, visited her mother, Mrs. James Peters, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith and daughter Adela, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Grandpa Port, on east Main St.

Mrs. Sarah E. Murphy transacted business at State College Monday relative to the J. L. Murphy estate of which she is the administratrix.

A. W. Dale, of Boalsburg, was a visitor in town last Friday.

Dr. R. W. Krebs spent Sunday among his friends in the Mountain city.

Comrade C. H. Marts, of Birmingham, spent Sunday here with his family.

Mrs. J. R. Smith spent Saturday at State College.

A Red Cross auxiliary was organized in the Presbyterian church here on the evening of the 15th with 36 members. Mrs. W. E. Reed was elected president; Mrs. G. H. Woods, vice president; Mrs. J. N. Everts, secretary, and Mrs. G. R. Dunlap, treasurer. The several committees will be selected later. The soliciting committees reported $234.25 collected from Ferguson Township. Misses Grace Elder and Lottie Musser collected $61; Miss Mary Kepler and Miss Grace Dale, $61.46; Miss Lizzie Goheen and Miss Helen Ward, $55.50; Miss Lytie and Miss Sarah McWilliams, $48.25; Miss Blanche Louck, $3.85, and the Gearhart sisters, $4.25.

A community flag raising took place at Rock Springs Tuesday evening. The emblem was made by the ladies of the community. Young Americans, Red Cross and G. A. R., headed by the Citizens band, made up the parade. The old flag of 1862 was in the exhibition and with the new one was carried in the parade in charge of J. S. Miller W. E. McWilliams, Jr., 3 years-old, made a pretty opening speech. Miss Alice Irvin gave a recitation. Addresses were made by Dr. R. M. Campbell, John L. Holmes and others. The flag was unfurled to the breeze by four ladies whose sons are in training at the Allentown camp—Mrs. W. S. Ward, Mrs. W. C. Frank, Mrs. W. F. Archey and Mrs. Daniel Irvin.

J. A. O'Neil, of Oak Hall, spent the week-end with his son-in-law, Cliff Close, at Fairbrook.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Joe Noak, et ux, to Frank Bethman, tract in Rush Twp.; $185.

Thaddeus D. Stover's heirs to James W. Gramley, tract in Miles Twp.; $3250.

Robert Hackenburg, et ux, to James A. Gramley, tract in Miles Twp; $1400.

Curtis M. Bierly to Jacob Winkleblech, tract in Miles Twp.; $275

Joseph F. Heickel, et ux, to Mrs. Jane Walker, tract in Liberty Twp.; $200.

Rebecca Leitzel to C. H. Breon, tract in Millheim; $200.

Homer Fetzer to Jeanette Wilkinson, tract in Boggs Twp; $150

George Harnish, et al, to Charles McCloskey, tract in Snow Shoe Twp; $400

Nicolas Vallimont to William Hoover, tract in Burnside Twp.; $1000.

Nicholas Vallimont to Samuel T. Hoover, tract in Burnside Twp.; $125.

James Misel to Anthony Baronisky, tract in Rush Twp.; $1100.

Jackson Kline, et al, to William B. Johnson & Son., tract in Howard Twp.; $3400.

Reuben I. Mitchell to Penna. Railroad Co., tract in Union Twp.; $375.

Oliver C. Miller, et al, to Harriett Miller, tract in Bellefonte; $1.

James P. Grove, to Willard P. Albright, tract in Gregg Twp.; $3300.

Jacob W. Sceurman, et al, to Harvey G. Jones, tract in Philipsburg; $2500.

Matilda Gorton, et bar, to Steven Gunnok, tract in Philipsburg; $4000.

T. D. Boal to Leon Mothersbaugh, tract in Harris Twp.; $500.

L. C. Bullock, et ux, to John C. Peters, tract in Milesburg; $1.

Marriage Licenses.

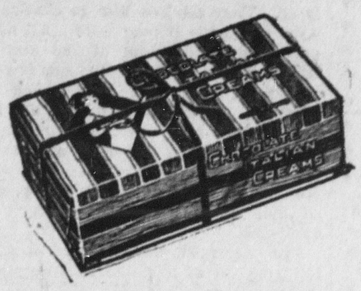
Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses.

H. Ray Wilson, Myra P. Yeager,	Elwood City, State College
Chas. E. Arney, Sarah C. Orndorf,	Woodward, "
G. Barrett Merrill, Lucy B. Howe,	Philipsburg, Morrisdale
Wm. R. Noggle, Gertrude E. Thomas,	Rexmont, Howard

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Chocolate Italian Creams

Imported Style



SPECIAL

39c

Full POUND BOX

We always aim to give you the best to be had in the Candy Line. Here is something new for your sweet tooth—CHOCOLATE ITALIAN CREAMS (Imported Style)—luscious creamy centres, vanilla flavor, some with nuts, dipped in rich, bitter chocolate. A package that cannot be duplicated for less than 60c per pound.

These Chocolates are made by the greatest chocolate expert in the world and are as fine and pure as can be produced. They are really the latest success in the confectioner's art, and remember, we promptly refund your money if you are not delighted with your purchase.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Alice Marie McDonald vs. Chester H. McDonald. In The Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No 47 February Term, 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Chester H. McDonald:—

Whereas your wife Alice Marie McDonald, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 47 February Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the fourth Monday of September, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Alice Marie McDonald, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Alice Marie McDonald should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
June 19, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Lucetta Pease McCullough vs. Edward B. McCullough. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. No 8 May Term, 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Edward B. McCullough:—

Whereas your wife Lucetta Pease McCullough, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 8 May Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the fourth Monday of September 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Lucette Pease McCullough, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lucetta McCullough should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
June 19, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Mollie L. Valentine, of Bellefonte, Centre county, has filed in the Department of Internal Affairs, under date of June 7, 1917, an application for warrant to survey five acres and ninety-two perches of improved vacant land, situated in the township of Benner and county of Centre, bounded northerly by land warranted to William Connely under date of December 5, 1799; easterly by land warranted to Henry Miller under date of July 19, 1773; southerly by land warranted to Henry Miller under date of July 19, 1773, and westerly by land warranted to Andrew Coon under date of January 13, 1773.

JAMES H. CRAIG
Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Harrisburg, Pa. June 8, 1917.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger deceased.

Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger late of Rebersburg Centre County, Pa., deceased have been granted to the undersigned residing in Carlisle Pa. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate will make payment immediately, and those having claims against the estate will present them for settlement to.

J. D. HEMMINGER.
EXECUTOR.
CARLISLE, PA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN E. DUBBS,
Executor.
Bellefonte, Pa.

W. Harrison Walker,
Attorney for the Estate
Bellefonte, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of George E. Knarr, late of Liberty Township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above named estate, have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to make known the same without delay.

ROSA B. KNARR,
Executrix,
Blanchard, Pa.

GETTIG & BOWER,
Attorneys,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Farms for Sale

63 acres, 3 miles from Juniata, good buildings, stock, crops, and machinery for only $5,600.

75 acres, near Grafton, fair buildings, good fruit of all kinds, stock and machinery for $3,500.

113 acres near Spruce Creek, good buildings, orchard, 20 acres wheat, hay and straw for $6,300, cash $3,000.

204 acres, 104 clear, 5½ miles from Huntingdon, good buildings, good timber, orchard, for $5,500, cash $3,000.

126 acres, 1½ miles from paved streets of city, good buildings of all kinds, spring water, fruit, for $9,500, cash $5,000; will exchange for west side property.

147 acres, near Brooks Mills good buildings, good orchard, for $9,500 part cash.

141 acres, 4 miles north of Petersburg, fair buildings, good orchard, for $4,500.

140 acres, ½ mile from McConnelstown, good buildings, timber, fruit, near all level for $5,500, half cash.

143 acres, 2 miles from Roaring Spring, fair buildings, 2 good orchards, $7,500, cash $2,500.

178 acres, 75 clear, 2 miles from Mapleton, good buildings, for $5,500, cash $3,500.

130 acres, 1½ miles from Bellwood, fair buildings, old and young orchard, for $4,700, cash $1,800, possession in 30 days.

260 acres, 2 miles from Spruce Creek, good outbuildings, 2 orchards, level running water, for $12,750, half cash.

120 acres, 2 miles from Petersburg, good buildings, good orchard, spring water, for $4,000.

153 acres, 2 miles from McConnelstown, good buildings, orchard, level, for $4,500, cash $2,500.

100 acres, 3 miles from Alexandria, good buildings, good orchard, water in house for $3,500, cash $2,000.

Write us your wants. We have many large and small farms for sale; also city property. We option and sell farms, timber lands, city property lots or anything in real estate.

Altoona Real Estate Brokers

Rooms 30 and 31, Goldschmid Building
11th Ave. and 12th St., Altoona, Pa.
R. C. CORRELL, - - J. S. BAYER
Bell phone, 1644

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice :—

Mrs. Mary Estang, T. E. Gorber, Miss G. Larue, Frank Leornte, Miss Mae Osborn, Prof. J. Oscar Robison, D. C. Shilling, Miss Catherine Struble, W. Weinberg. When called for please say advertised. P. H. Gherrity, postmaster.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Rachael M. Stine.

Letters of administration on the estate of Rachael M. Stine, deceased, late of Bellefonte Borough, Centre County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to Harry Keller, Esq., Bellefonte, Pa.

HARRY KELLER, C. T. A.
Administrator.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Dwelling house; good surroundings. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—1 good gasoline lighting system. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A Maxwell touring car—1916 model. Inquire of Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—A janitor and wife. Nice home. Good wages. Apply at once to Box H, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Scotch Collie having white feet. Tag No. is 3383. A reward will be given for his return. Address James Bilger, Pleasant Gap.

LET MADAM KOSMOS—Help you by giving your Life Prediction. Send birth date and dime. E. K. KOSMOS, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.

T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Black cow, with mark about the size of an egg on left jaw. Strayed away two or three days ago and probably has calf by this time. Any information leave at Budinger & Co. Store at Clarence, or Cato Store, at Cato.—Steve Seposh, Cato, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention. Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

SAVED

But Only at the Last Moment

By WARREN MILLER

No one could understand why it was that Helen Ayer, the wife of an excellent man and the mother of a lovely boy six years old, fell under the influence of Schuyler Quigley, with nothing except swagger and cheek to recommend him. When Quigley first began to pay attention to Mrs. Ayer her husband did not appear to notice it. The truth is he saw that his wife was drifting away from him and he dared not oppose her, fearing that by his very opposition he might bring about a catastrophe. If he permitted the matter to work itself out perhaps the wife and mother would in time tire of her new fancy and realize the danger to herself, her husband and her son.

Ayer had no faith in the effectiveness of opposition in such a case. He preferred to rely on some appeal to the heart such as he was not in a position to make himself and which could only come to his wife unbidden. He hoped that some incident, some evidence thrust before her suddenly, might sweep the dust from before her eyes and she would see her position in its true light. He had perfect confidence in her purity. If Quigley succeeded in taking her away from him he must do it legitimately. She must be divorced from the one and married to the other.

With this idea in view he made no complaint to Helen, leaving her perfect freedom to do as she liked. He never objected to Quigley coming to the house, nor did he oppose Helen's going out with him. He endeavored in every possible way to show his faith in her. Had Quigley taken himself away for awhile possibly the spell that bound her to him might have been broken, or at least it might have been breakable.

But Quigley was so aggressive, so persistent, that Helen never got away from a certain dominating force there was about him long enough to recover herself. Finally Ayer decided to take action. Since they all belonged to the same set, he had frequent opportunity to meet the man who was undermining his home. Their first meeting was at the house of a mutual friend, where a number of men were accustomed to play poker. Ayer's object was to begin a series of attempts to force a quarrel upon Quigley, concealing the true cause. The better to cover his motive at the poker party he met Quigley cordially. But during the game he suddenly arose from the table, declaring that he would not play with a cheat, making it plain that Quigley was the man referred to.

Quigley, who was perfectly innocent of the charge, retorted. High words followed, and Ayer struck him. Quigley was prevented from returning the blow by the others, who protested against the men fighting under the host's roof about a matter of cheating at cards, thereby bringing a scandal upon the house and the party.

This left Quigley not only under a disgraceful charge, but as having received a blow from Ayer that he had not returned. Under the old regime of a century or more ago he would have been obliged to challenge Ayer or be cut by his friends. Living in the twentieth century, he was not obliged to do anything. He let the matter drop. He did not call at Ayer's house any more, but he met Mrs. Ayer when she went out on the street and at the houses of mutual friends. All he said to her about his troubles with her husband was that Ayer had accused him of cheating at cards and that every member of the party present had exonerated him of the charge.

And so it was that Russell Ayer by trying to get rid of the man who was really his wife's worst enemy, and at the same time protect her good name, only made himself appear to her a very unjust and ignoble person. She thought that she was taking care of her reputation by never being with Quigley, except when others were present. But she found it difficult to live with one man as his wife and have a love affair though devoid of criminality with another.

Ayer followed up his first attack on Quigley by telling a number of Quigleys' friends that he (Ayer) had struck him and Quigley had not had the manliness to resent the blow.

The situation was not pleasing to any one of the three persons involved. Quigley represented to Mrs. Ayer that he was refraining from resenting her husband's insults on her account and begged her to vindicate him by securing a divorce and marrying him. She was distressed, feeling that this was due Quigley, but dreading to take a step that would separate her from her husband and her child.

One day Ayer met Quigley on the street. Each was walking with a friend. As they passed Ayer said loud enough for Quigley and his companion to hear:

"There goes a coward I am trying to make fight."

This was too much for Quigley, who turned and said, "Well, we'll have it out now."

"Very well," replied Ayer, "draw."

Taking a revolver from his pocket, he raised it, cocking it at the same time. But since Quigley was unarmed there was no fight.

"You can't escape me with a bloody nose," said Ayer. "It's life or death between us."

And he walked on.

Quigley began to feel that he could no longer brook these insults. Some of his friends were telling him that Ayer was determined in the matter and it might better be settled sooner than later. They advised him to challenge Ayer and have it over with. All supposed that the origin of the matter was at the card table. Indeed, few if any knew that Ayer was trying to force his enemy to withdraw his influence from Mrs. Ayer. Quigley blustered for awhile, but took no action. But finally noticing a difference in the cordiality with which his friends greeted him he gave in and sent Ayer a challenge.

Ayer accepted, naming revolvers at ten paces, every chamber to be emptied before the firing ceased.

This staggered Quigley, for it meant death probably to both of the parties. He sent a message to Ayer asking what he could do to avert the issue. Ayer replied in a sealed note telling him that he must neither speak nor write to Mrs. Ayer again. Quigley replied that Mrs. Ayer had applied for a divorce and had consented to marry him as soon as it was obtained. To this Ayer replied that on his part the affair would be dropped. But he did not do this till he had looked into the court records and found that his wife had the day before applied for a separation.

When Ayer went home that evening he found his wife gone. His little boy asked him what was the matter with mamma. She had cried and kissed him all the morning, then had gone out and hadn't come back. Wouldn't papa go and bring her back?

But day after day, week after week, month after month, passed and mamma did not return. She was residing in a city where divorce is made easy. The child was obliged to content himself with his nurse during the day, but whenever his father was not at his office he supplied so far as possible the place of the mother. Quigley still lived in the city, but there was not as much swagger in him as formerly. Somehow no one seemed to think he had come out of his affair with Ayer with credit and his friends were dropping off.

While it was known to the Ayers' intimate friends that Helen was suing for a divorce, it was not known that she was doing so in order to marry Quigley. Divorces usually make it appear that great wrongs are committed by one or both parties. We are horrified at tales of cruelty, desertion, all kinds of inhumanities. While reading of them we would suppose that after such suffering neither party will ever again consent to wear the chains of wedlock. But once the bond is broken up pops a man or a woman hitherto unknown in the proceedings, and the decree is scarcely granted before the wedding bells are ringing.

Helen Ayer had secured her divorce, had returned, and it was supposed by her friends, except an intimate few, that she would remain—after the charges against Ayer her lawyer had drawn up for her—an unmarried woman. While this was the supposition, a marriage license was being taken out permitting Helen Ayer and Schuyler Quigley to wed. They were to be privately married at 5 o'clock in the evening and take a 7 o'clock train for their wedding trip.

During the afternoon the bride to be was seized with an irresistible desire to see her boy once more before taking the irretrievable step. She knew that her husband was usually at his office at the time and she would not meet him. Throwing caution to the winds, she called a carriage, alighted near her former home, entered and ran upstairs to find her son.

She came upon a melancholy sight. Her boy was lying on a bed, pale and wan, while his father was bending over him.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you send for me?" she wailed. And without waiting for a reply she bent down, passionately encircled the child with her arms and hugged him to her breast. Then, flinging her hat and coat aside, she knelt beside the bed.

"Oh, mamma," cried the child, "how glad I am that you have come back!" Then, raising his arms, he placed them about her shoulders. "And you're never, never going away again, are you?"

And the woman for whom a bride groom was waiting said:

"Never, so help me heaven!"

Russell Ayer was walking away when his wife seized his hand and held him. She attempted to speak to him, but not finding words turned again to the boy. Then Russell knelt beside her, and, resting his hand on her waist, the two turned the ebbing life back.

An hour later Schuyler Quigley, as he was about to enter a carriage to take him to a church where he was to meet his bride, was startled by a message:

I cannot go. I will never see you again.

One of those singular and unaccountable infatuations under which a woman will leave home, husband and children, wrecking them and most of all herself, had come to a sudden end, as it were, on the brink of the precipice over which she was about to plunge. Her husband could manage the man who was enticing her, but he could not manage her. What neither of these men could do was accomplished by a sick child.

After the boy came out of danger Russell Ayer told his wife of his attempts to save her. He gave the reason for his accusing Quigley of cheating at cards, the blow, the subsequent insults, the forcing his enemy into an unwilling challenge. Then when he had finished by telling her that he had dropped the matter on learning of her intended separation she shuddered.

"My God! How could I have done it?"

And as soon as possible they were remarried quietly.

RUNNING AND BREATHING.

Why the Exertion Makes the Lungs Gasp For More Air.

It is hard to breathe after running awhile, because your body requires more blood in circulation. The efforts of your heart, brain and lungs make breathing difficult. We breathe to take air into the lungs, where the blood which has once been through the arteries and comes back on its return trip to the heart is exposed to the air in the lungs before going back into the heart. The air which we take into our lungs purifies the once used blood and makes it into good blood again.

When you run the heart pumps blood into your arteries faster to enable you to run, we are told by the Book of Wonders. Thus also the arteries send much more blood back to the heart through the veins, and this must be purified by the lungs before going back into the heart. To attend to purifying this extra amount of spoiled blood the lungs need more air, and thus you are made to breathe in more air for the purpose.

Unless you are in good training—your wind in good condition, as we say—it is almost impossible for you to supply the lungs with enough air for the purpose, but whether you can do it or not the lungs call upon you for more air and cause you to try to get it, and that is what makes you get out of breath.

SINGING IN ENGLISH.

The Difficulty of Sounding Certain Words on High Notes.

English as is commonly sung has become so hard to understand that musical authorities are earnestly seeking a remedy. And the composer is principally to blame, says Francis Toye, writing in the London Nation.

"That there are difficulties in singing certain English syllables on certain notes may be admitted," says Mr. Toye. "English, unlike German and Italian, is not predominantly a language of broad vowel sounds. It is awkward, for instance, to sing 'fix' or 'her' or 'sun' with a loud, sustained tone on a high note. But if composers knew their business they would not, save in any exceptional circumstances, ask the singer to do anything of the kind.

"Half the imaginary difficulties of singing English arise from the incompetence of many composers in setting it to music. They seem neither to think in terms of singing nor to study the natural rhythm of the language. When they do the 'problems' of singing in English vanish like the mist before the sun."

Pugnacious Earwigs.

Earwigs are quarrelsome creatures and are always ready to use their nippered tails against each other on the slightest provocation. When the light of a lamp falls upon them congregated at the sugar some are more scared than the others and scuttle away, when each earwig which they nearly touch in flight will savagely swing back its tail and nip in the air with fury. Sometimes the blow falls upon a neighbor, which instantly retaliates, and half a dozen furious nips are rapidly interchanged. But fighting weight quickly settles the quarrel, the smaller earwig scuttling off and the larger pursuing him for several inches, running backward and reaching savagely to right and left with his nippers. Yet these same earwigs, so vindictive at meals, will be crammed, all sizes together, into any hole or crack by day.—London Globe.

A Real Experience.

"Yes," said a traveling man, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean twenty-one days."

Another man spoke up: "On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days."

A bald man knocked the ashes from his cigar and contributed his bit:

"I started across the Kaw river at Tokepa in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"What!" demanded the man who had spun the first yarn. "The Kaw is not more than 300 feet wide at Topeka."

"Quite true," said the bald man quietly. "The skiff turned over, and I sank twice."—New York Times.

Women and the Styles.

"This article says," remarked Mrs. McWinkle, "that osteopathy has been the cause of the dissemination of a much wider knowledge of human anatomy than ever existed before the development of that branch of science."

"I am aware," replied Mr. McWinkle, who is an observant man, "that knowledge of human anatomy, particularly of female antomy, is much more general than it was a few decades ago, but I had supposed that the modistes and not the osteopathists were responsible."—Dallas News.

Object Unobjected To.

Doctor—You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten or twenty miles a day, sir, but your walking should have an object. Patient—All right, doctor; I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill.

It All Depends.

"Dad, what's a man who runs an auto called?"

"It depends on whether he is being called by his employer or by the man he has just missed."—Puck.

Some Nerve.

Bess—Nerve? Why, say, I've seen him joke with a waiter that he hadn't tipped!—Town Topics.

A WELL LAID PLAN

But One Element In It Had Not Been Provided For

By F. A. MITCHEL

When I entered the detective business I was very young. I had not grown a beard and had a peachlike complexion. My voice was of a medium pitch for a man; but, having once taken a girl's part on the stage, I had learned to speak in falsetto, very like a woman.

One day I was handed a newspaper in which there was a personal that read as follows:

If Annette Thurber will communicate with H. L. B. she will hear something to her advantage.

It was explained to me that Annette Thurber was a niece of one Nicholas Bradford, who had recently died, leaving a large estate. Miss Thurber had kept house for him and nursed him during his last illness. He had told her that he had made a will leaving all his property to her and she would find it in a certain tin box in which he kept his papers, the box being on a shelf in the closet of his home office. After his death she had looked in the box and had not found the document.

No will forthcoming, the property would be divided between the testator's nephew, Henry Lathrop Bradford, the son of an older brother, and Annette Thurber, the daughter of his sister. This Henry Bradford was a scamp. His uncle had befriended him and tried to make a man of him, had failed and had disowned him. Miss Thurber believed that he had stolen the will from the tin box in order that he might under the law obtain half the estate. The personal had undoubtedly been inserted by him with a view to some arrangement with her. What that intended arrangement was she did not know.

A reply was made by Miss Thurber stating that she would receive Henry Bradford at her home any day he chose to call between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. No attention was paid to this, and, the case having been placed by Miss Thurber in the hands of detectives, a new note was dispatched in her name saying that she would meet Bradford at any time or place he might appoint. Miss Thurber then received a bit of paper on which was written. "Lincoln park, 6, 25, 9 p. m."

It was evident that Bradford did not propose to give Miss Thurber any evidence against him. He might deny that the personal had been inserted by him or that he had sent this bit of paper, his object being to meet her without witnesses for some rascally purpose. The opinion of the chief was that Bradford had stolen the will; that he feared to be accused of the theft and wished to make a compromise by which he might receive his share of his uncle's estate.

Miss Thurber and I were brought together, and it was observed that we were about the same height and build. Having secured all the information that was to be had on the matter, I was arrayed in one of her costumes, and at 9 o'clock in the evening on the 25th of June (the sixth month) I tripped daintily into Lincoln park. I had been shown a photograph of Bradford and Miss Thurber was known to him, so, since Lincoln park was simply a block set apart for a breathing space, there was no difficulty in meeting and recognizing each other.

It was not long after my entry into the park that a well dressed man stepped up to me and remarked that it was a fine evening.

"Are you Mr. Bradford?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What is the meaning of all this secrecy?"

"Come this way," was his reply, "and I will tell you."

He led the way to a bench. I sat down, and he sat beside me.

"I wish to see you," he began "about Uncle Nick's will. It has been intimated to me that a certain person knows that a will exists bequeathing all the estate to you. This person will produce the will for a consideration.",

"How much does he want?" I asked, coming at once to the point.

"The estate is worth $300,000. The will will be surrendered for a third of the value of the property. You give a note for the amount to be taken up three months after receiving the property."

"No" I said, after feigning to think the matter over. "If a will exists I would rather take my chance of its coming out. And if it does," I here assumed a threatening tone, "I shall send the person who stole it to the penitentiary for a long term of years."

There was silence for a few minutes, at the end of which he asked me how much I would consent to pay. I told him that I would not bind myself to pay anything until I had seen the will and was convinced that the property was left to me and the document was genuine. If so convinced I would give a note for $40,000. He keyed me up to $50,000, which closed the bargain. I had no object in dickering with him, except to induce him to believe that I was making a real deal.

I asked him when and where the exchange of the note for the will should take place, and he replied that he had made arrangements for that. The transaction could be executed at once. He had a cab in waiting, and we would drive to a house where I could sign a note and receive the will. I was rather taken aback by this, for I had expected to report to the chief what I had done and receive his instructions as to my next step. I protested against such haste, but my objection tended to convince the man that I was making a bona fide transaction.

"I need time to think this over," I said.

"And to make arrangements to trap me. Suppose we meet a few days hence what is to prevent your having a force on hand to take the will without giving me the note? No; this matter must go through, if it does go through, between you and me alone and immediately. When it is finished there will be no proof that you signed the note under duress."

"A note," I said, "must be in payment for something."

"I have drawn it to read, 'For and in consideration of his relinquishing all claims on the Bradford estate.'"

"But the will being produced you have no claim on the Bradford estate."

"The will will not have been produced when the note is signed."

"You should have demanded cash."

"You have no cash. Besides, this matter must be settled secretly and at once. Delay would be fatal to me."

"Suppose after I have received the estate I decline to pay the note on the ground that the transaction is criminal?"

"In that case you will not long enjoy your property."

I had been inclined to think his case very weak; but, considering that he was, or supposed he was, dealing with a girl who would not care to live in terror of her life, I changed my opinion.

"But why," I asked, interested more and more in his plan, "would it not be wiser for you to destroy the will and inherit half the estate as heir-at-law?"

"That question I decline to answer. There may be a number of reasons. I may know of another will that I cannot control and which is sure to be produced. My uncle did not trust me and might have put a duplicate will in some one's hand to be used in case I captured or disputed the one he had made. I have no knowledge of such a will. I simply state the case to you hypothetically."

There was no doubt the rascal had thought it all out and had provided for every possible contingency. What was I to do? Delay would be as dangerous to Miss Thurber as to me. I resolved to go with him and take advantage of any favorable circumstance that might arise. So long as he thought I was Miss Thurber I had a great advantage of him. I had a thick veil on my hat, but in the park did not put it over my face. Later, if obliged to face the light it might avail me.

I accompanied my man to a car waiting without the park. We entered it, and he drove away. Presently he stopped and told me he must blindfold me. After objecting I consented, and after that I did not know where we went. When we reached our destination he helped me out of the car and guided me up a few steps into a house. When he removed the bandage from my eyes we were standing in a furnished room. It was dimly lighted, but I put my hands to my eyes to cover my face, pretending that the transition from darkness to light was painful. Nevertheless I caught a glimpse of a table with writing materials on it in the center of the room.

When I took my hands from my eyes I turned my face from the light. I did not know how well the man knew Miss Thurber, but I did not wish him to see my features until I could no longer avoid giving him an opportunity to discover his mistake. Meanwhile he had unlocked a drawer in a bureau and taken out a document, which I surmised to be the will. What appeared to be a note lay on the table. He was unfolding the document, and I surmised intended to hold it up for me to inspect. In another moment he would doubtless call on me to do so and would see my features.

While his eyes were bent on the document I caught sight of the letters, "Last will and testament," printed on it. This was enough for me. I determined to risk its being what I wanted. When he turned from the paper to me he looked into the muzzle of my revolver within an inch of his nose.

Of course he was armed. But what use is a weapon which costs a man his life if he makes a motion to use it?"

"Drop that document on the table," I said in my own husky voice.

Surprise, irritation, horror, were written on his face. He dare not disobey. He tossed the will on the table, and I, never taking my eye from his for an instant, picked it up, taking the unsigned note at the same time. Then I began to back out of the room. I backed into a hall and out through a door, he following me, alert to take advantage of my changing my glance for an instant to draw a weapon. I was obliged to back into the unknown; but, having come over the ground even though blindfolded, I had some idea of it and got safely down the steps, on to the sidewalk and kept on till I backed up against an automobile.

The problem was now to get into it and start it without giving him an opportunity to draw and shoot me. I thought it necessary to order him to throw up his hands, enforcing the order by putting a bullet close to his ear. He obeyed readily, and, though I was encumbered with my skirts, I tumbled into the car behind the wheel. What I could not do with my feet in starting I did with my right hand, holding the wheel with my left. In this way I got off, but the moment after I turned my face from my enemy a bullet whistled close to my ear. I ducked, and before another came I was not clearly distinguishable in the darkness.

When I returned to the office with the will, for which I had paid nothing, great was the surprise of all concerned. Miss Thurber bought the unsigned note of me for $10,000, signing it in payment. I afterward set myself up in business with the funds.

GREATEST OF ALL S.

Giant Canopus, the Blue Beef of the Southern Hemisphere.

Star gazers of northern lat often overlook the fact that some the most brilliant and beautiful and finest nebulae and star clusters the heavens belong to the southern hemisphere and are not visible in latitudes.

Magnificent blue Canopus, second brightest star in the heavens, just below our southern horizon the large and important southern constellation Argo Navis, named for famous ship of the Argonauts. It finally divided into three constellations Puppis, Carina and Vela. Canopus was the chief pilot of the Argonauts, but the star was known and worshiped on the banks of the Nile long before it received its name from the Greeks and has been called the Star of Egypt. It has also been a guide to many tribes in Africa, South America and Australia in their journeys through pathless wilds.

Although Sirius appears nearly twice as brilliant as Canopus, this is due only to the fact that Sirius is comparatively near to us, not quite nine light years distant, while Canopus has been estimated to be at a distance of 400 light years. It is, as far as we know, the greatest of all the giant suns, equal in light giving power to 5,000 suns such as our own. Sirius, with a brilliancy estimated at fortyeight times that of the sun, shrinks to a pygmy when contrasted with Canopus. —New York Sun.

CARVED JADE.

It Takes Chinese Patience to Work This Hard Oriental Stone.

When you go into an oriental shop in any big city you are almost sure to see rings or necklaces or bracelets which are a pretty, clear green in color and are made out of jade. If you ask the shopman to tell you something about jade he will answer that the true jade is seldom found outside of Asia and Oceanica, but that in these parts of the world it is to be had in considerable quantities.

You, of course, know that a diamond is so hard that it will scratch glass, but perhaps you have not heard that jade is also extremely tough and will cut glass and quartz. Because of its great hardness the man who carves it must possess vast patience, and the Chinese are almost the only people who have sufficient patience and persistence to carve designs in jade.

The Chinese make numberless articles out of jade—paper weights, handles for swords, belts, bangles, rings, vases, cups, plates, pendants, and so on.

Jade is far from cheap to buy. Nowadays fine pieces of jade are just as much valued among collectors as are fine paintings for their great beauty and artistic value. So, then, if some one gives you a little pendant of carved jade, you will understand that you have a present which not only would be valued highly today, but one which many peoples in all times would have treasured.—Christian Science Monitor.

The Cat and the Chickens.

An authentic story tells of a male cat and a female cat in France that lived on terms of perfect amity with all the animals on the place—dogs, chickens and what not. It so happened that a hen which had a brood of seven chickens was killed accidentally. The cat, which some two weeks before had been deprived of her kittens, appeared to observe the predicament of the seven little chickens. She crawled into their nest, and the chickens, looking for warmth, nestled into her warm fur, peeping gratefully. The chickens, fed by their owner, throve perfectly, and every day the strange sight was presented of their following the mother cat about the premises as if expecting her to find them food after the manner of a hen.

Few Roads In China.

That industrial development must stagnate so long as transport facilities are inadequate needs no emphasis, and when it is borne in mind that there is not a road worthy of the name, so much as 100 miles long throughout China, it becomes evident that the country is very severely handicapped. Certainly there are the rivers and canals, which intersect the land in every direction, but locomotion on them is naturally slow and uncertain. Railways are few and far between and serve only to connect a few of the larger centers.—Commerce Report.

Constellation of Orion.

The constellation known as Orion is referred to in Job ix, 9 and xxxviii, 31. Orion is the "giant" of oriental astronomy, and the giant was Nimrod, the mighty hunter, fabled to have been bound in the sky for impiety. The two dogs and the hare in nearby constellations made his train complete.

Strange Happening.

"I saw a man with a crowd around him go up to another man and deliberately knife him without a single one interfering."

"Was he a Black Hander?"

"No; he was a surgeon."—Baltimore American.

True.

"I don't see anything remarkable about that baby."

"Oh, but you would if it was yours."—Detroit Free Press.

Making Home Happy.

Bess—And is she a good housewife? Jane—A pippin! Why, the poor chap has no comfort whatever!—Life.

Contentment is natural wealth. Luxury is artificial poverty.—Socrates.

We Met

A Man Rly Takes Anots Risk.

By F. MITCHEL

A man did like a gentleman alighted from train at a suburban station, asked agent when the next train to the c would pass, then set out to walk t residence which bore evidence of ing been shut up for the winter. ntering, he went upstairs. Half hour later he looked out through andow and saw a handsomely dresswoman emerging from another coun residence a few hundred yards dint. She was carrying a suit case.

The man's ce took on the expression of one o had discovered something interesg. He kept his eyes on the woma who was approaching, till she pass the house he was in; then, taking o a suit case he had packed, he ut downstairs and hurried after thwoman. Lifting his hat politely, he sl:

"Will you ermit me to assist you with that suicase?"

"Thank yo very much; it is very light. Do yi know when the next train leaves or the city?"

"In ten mutes."

"In that ase I shall have just time to reach th station and buy my ticket."

The two alked on together and by the time the reached the station had established a acquaintance. On boarding the trainthe man helped the woman on to thetrain, and on seating herself she mad room for him beside her.

"I saw yo leaving Mr. Lawrence's country house," he said.

The woma started.

"I supposed Mr. Lawrence's family in the city and the house was unoccupied."

"I am Fanny Lawrence," was the hesitating reply.

"Oh!"

"I needed some things and came out to get them. They're in my suit case."

"My case exactly. My country house is shut up, and we're all in the city. I needed some things and came out for them."

"And they're in your suit case?"

"Yes; they are."

There was a pause in this dialogue. It was evident the lady was ill at ease. Presently the man said:

"The next station is Cloverton. Another road crosses this one there. I'm going to leave this train and take another on the other road."

"Why do you do that?"

"This train enters the city at the Union station. The other stops at several small stations before reaching the terminal, at one of which I shall leave it."

"For what purpose?"

"It will be more convenient for me."

The lady was silent. She seemed to be thinking. Presently she asked her companion at what station he would stop. He said Arlington avenue. Then, after a few questions as to the location of the Arlington avenue station, she said that it would be a more convenient stopping place for her too. The man said that perhaps she had better leave the train there and he would be happy to secure her a conveyance. The lady thanked him and said she believed she would do so.

"Would you mind," she said after a period evidently devoted to deliberation, "when we reach the Arlington avenue station, getting out on the car platform and seeing if there is any one apparently looking for some person?"

"Of course I will."

"I suppose you will think it strange my asking you to do so. I think I shall have to give you my confidence. I am engaged to a young man to whom my father objects."

"I see you are going to elope with him."

"Yes."

"But how is it that you expect to meet him at the Arlington avenue station? You did not intend to stop there till I spoke of doing so myself."

"You don't understand. I don't expect to meet him there. You see, I am a bit nervous lest father or my brother has learned what I am about to do and may stop me."

"I see."

Shortly after these travelers had left their respective country homes a lady living opposite the house from which Miss Lawrence emerged called up Julian Lawrence in the city on the phone and gave him a bit of information that produced in him a sudden activity. When the train reached the crossing a man in a striped waistcoat was standing on the platform. He was about to board the train when he saw the couple step down from it, whereupon he scrutinized them closely and let it go on without him. When they boarded a train on the other road he got on, too, and took a seat in the rear of the car they occupied. But they failed to notice that he appeared to be interested in them. As soon as the couple were seated the man turned to the lady and said:

"If you are trying to avoid capture by your father it behooves you to exercise your wits. Unless some one on the watch for you knows you by sight you may throw him off the track. One looking for a runaway couple will not be likely to suspect one whose appearance gives evidence of having been long married. I would recommend you to join me in playing such a couple."

The lady agreed, and they at once began to show that outward indifference that contrasts with the behavior of a pair of lovers or a newly married couple.

"It won't do," said the man, "for me to go out ahead of you on arriving at Arlington avenue station and reconnoiter. That would give you away at once. We must step out unconcernedly. I'll let you carry your suit case, just as if we had been married twenty years, and go my way, leaving you to follow me without looking back for you."

The couple descended from the train. The man watching them left it a moment later and, keeping them in sight, went out after them to see them take a cab together. They were being driven away when the shadower called another cab and, getting into it, bade the driver follow the one that was leaving.

"Now, see 'ere," said the man playing the part of the husband, dropping into a vernacular that was natural to him. "You ain't Miss Lawrence nohow. What d'ye want to put up a job like that for? You're the 'ousemaid at the Lawrences."

"'Ow do you know I am?" asked the woman, paling.

"'Cause I'm the Tookers' butler, the next 'ouse to the Lawrences. I've seen you in the Lawrence back yard a-'angin' up the wash. Wot y' got in your suit case anyhow?"

"Wot's that to you?"

"You and I are in for it together. If one gets hoff 'tother gets hoff. I reckon y' got some valyables in your suit case, hain't you?"

"Reckon you've got some in yours."

"I don't mind lettin' you know that I've got some gold plate."

"Well, I've got some jewels."

"Now we're gittin' on to an understandin'. 'Ow would y' like to git rid o' your jewels till there's no danger of you're bein' found with 'em on you?"

"Like enough you want me to trust 'em to you."

"Well, if you don't like that, 'ow would you like to take my haul?'

"I don't want it. I've got enough risk now without takin' any more."

"What you goin' to do with the sparklers when you git 'em safe?'

"I don't know. Sell 'em if I can."

"You're purty enough to wear 'em yourself. They're none too good for you."

This compliment put a different complexion upon the treatment by the woman of the man. She preferred to rely upon him, as most women prefer to rely upon a man.

"What would you do with 'em if I turned 'em over to you?" she asked in a tone that denoted a disposition to yield.

"Oh, I'd take care of 'em till I could turn 'em back to you. If you were caught with 'em on you you'd git sent up for somethin' like five or six years, and that wouldn't pay since you've got a feller as is willin' to take the risk on hisself."

She being the weaker sex, he succeeded in persuading her to cast her burden on him. She handed her suit case to him. The expression on his face as he took it was, to say the least, crafty. What was passing through his mind was, "Might as well hang for a sheep as a lamb, and two sheep is better than one."

"When'll I get 'em back?" she asked.

"Let me see. This is Friday. A week from today you meet me—do you know the fountain in the park?"

"Yes."

"Well, you meet me at the fountain at 12 o'clock and I'll give 'em back to you."

He called on the driver to stop, and she got out of the cab.

The shadower was disconcerted at this division. He could not follow both of them in different directions, and, seeing that the girl was without her suit case, he concluded the man had it, so he directed his driver to still follow the cab. It finally brought up at the entrance to an alley. The man in it alighted with two suit cases and, having paid the fare, was about to enter the alley when he felt a hand on his shoulder and, turning, saw a man who threw open his coat and showed a badge.

"'Ow did you get on to it?" asked the culprit.

"Never mind that; come with me."

An hour later there was an investigation at the police office. The two suit cases were opened. One was found to contain valuable plate, the other jewels. The police had been put on to the track of the housemaid and were not looking for the butler. However, the culprit explained the matter of the double theft and how he had come to be in possession of all the loot. Since he had nothing to gain by telling that the maid might be captured on a certain date at the park fountain he did not mention the fact.

However, the next morning on taking up a newspaper she saw an account of the capture of the man who had become responsible for her share of the plunder and kept away from the rendezvous. Several weeks later a member of the family she had robbed met her on the street and turned her over to a policeman.

On her trial the prosecuting attorney found it difficult to convict her, since no stolen property was found in her possession and she was not known to have disposed of any. Since she was very penitent her former mistress forgave her and she was set free.

As for the man who had so kindly relieved her of the risk of being caught with the stolen goods, he was given three years for each robbery, making six years in all.

CLOSING DAYS OF LAW MAKING

Session Has Been Longest in 75 Years.

TO SIGN INHERITANCE BILL

Now in Satisfactory Shape For Executive Approval—Policemen in Third-Class Cities Placed Under Civil Service — Mine Cave Bills Pass House—Other News of Legislature.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 26.—When the legislature adjourns sine die this week the members will have the distinction of being in session longer than any Pennsylvania law-making body since 1842. In fact, since 1776, but one legislature—the 1842 body—has remained in continual session beyond the stay of the 1917 general assembly.

The 1897 session did not adjourn until July 1, but it organized January 5, whereas the present legislature came into being on January 1, which makes the actual number of days consumed by the 1917 body a few more than the legislature of twenty years ago, and, as already stated, greater than any other excepting that of 1842.

One of the final moves of this legislature was sending the Woodward direct inheritance tax bill to the governor in such satisfactory shape that he positively will give it his approval. In these despatches last week mention was made of this bill passing both branches, but since that time the bill has been recalled on account of executive objection and the measure reconsidered and changed to cover every possible defect.

Under the constitution no exceptions could be made in the bill. It taxes small sums bequeathed, as well as all large inheritances. It is estimated that at the lowest calculation the law will net the state in revenue about $8,000,000 a year.

HON. DAVID THOMAS.

Wilkes-Barre Representative Who Is Serving His Third Term at Harrisburg.

Governor Brumbaugh a few days ago signed the Craig bill placing police men in third class cities under civil service within forty-eight hours after it reached his hands. This law goes into effect at once and exempts from examination all persons now holding positions in the police departments of the thirty third-class cities in Pennsylvania.

Civil Service for Policemen.

The bill calls for the appointment of a civil service commission by councils and this board will have full charge of conducting examinations for applicants to the police force. An eligible list is to be prepared and whenever a vacancy occurs council must name a man from the three highest on the list. The civil service commissioners will receive no compensation, but they may employ a secretary, who is to be compensated by the respective cities.

Without hardly an opposing vote, the house passed both the Ramsey and the Scarlet mine cave bills. On the Ramsey bill the vote was 112 to 4 and on the Scarlet bill 166 to 1. No debate preceded consideration of the measures.

The Ramsey bill imposes the responsibility of maintaining surface support upon the state and provides for the establishment of a separate bureau in the department of mines for this purpose. Several mine inspectors to look into the working of mines with a view of preventing subsidences are provided for and they are vested with power to close a mine at the least sign of a possible cave in.

Far more drastic are the provisions of the Scarlet bill, which the Scranton committee on mine caves strongly favors and for which it has been making its big fight since the beginning of the session. This Scarlet bill places responsibility for adequate surface support directly upon the coal companies and makes the removal of coal that causes a subsidence a criminal act punishable by a fine or imprisonment.

MAKES CHANGES IN FISH LAWS

New Code Passes Both Branches of Legislature.

COVERS ENTIRE SUBJECT

Disciples of Isaac Walton Soon to Have Before Them New Set of Laws Affecting Their Favorite Sport—Is Fish Protective Legislation.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 26.—As a twin bill to the game code, which recently became a law by signature of the governor, both branches of the legislature last week passed the new fish code. This code received the full support of the fisheries department and the organized sportsmen of the state. It is the most effective fish protective legislation ever adopted in the state.

The bill fixes the open seasons and size and creel limits for game fish as follows, taking effect on January 1, 1918:

Species.	Open Season.	Size Limit.	Creel Limit
Trout (except lake trout)	Apr. 15-July 31.	6 in.	25
Bass, large and small mouth	July 1-Dec. 31.	9 in.	12
Rock, white, calico and strawberry,	July 1-Dec. 31.	6 in.	25
Lake or salmon trout,	July 1-Sep. 30.	*	*
Pike-perch, wall-eyed pike or Susquehanna salmon	July 1-Dec. 31.	12 in.	25
Pickerel,	July 1-Dec. 31.	12 in.	25
Muscallenge,	July 1-Dec. 31.	24 in.	4
Yellow perch,	July 1-Dec. 31.	6 in.	50
Sun fish,	No clos'd seas'n.	*	50

(* No size limit.)

Sunday fishing is prohibited. The use of nets, seines, spears, gigs or outlines, or lines bearing more than three hooks is forbidden in all the inland waters, excepting that a small dip-net or minnow-seine net over four feet in diameter may be used for the taking of bait fish only. A minnow trap with an opening net over one inch in diameter is also permitted for taking bait fish.

Seines and Nets.

The use of seines and dip-nets is permitted in the Susquehanna river below McCall's Ferry dam under license for the taking of shad, herring and alewife, suckers, cat-fish, eels and carp only, from March 1 to June 20. The fish commissioner is given power to grant permission to use seines and nets in taking fish for scientific purposes, for stocking or propagation purposes or for removal of injurious fish life.

The provisions of the old laws governing dams or fishways are re-enacted and the pollution section forbids the use of explosives or electricity or poison in taking fish, and provides that "no person shall allow any substance of any kind or character deleterious, destructive or poisonous to fish, to be turned into or allowed to run, flow or wash or be emptied into any waters within this commonwealth, unless it be shown to the satisfaction of the commissioner of fisheries or the proper court, that every reasonable and practicable means has been used to abate and prevent the pollution of the waters in question by the escape of deleterious substances."

The purchase, sale, or exposure for sale of any species of trout, except lake trout, or of any large mouth or small mouth bass is forbidden, unless artificially propagated and sold under state license.

Free Distribution.

The commissioner of fisheries is empowered to furnish fish for free distribution or planting to the public waters of the commonwealth within the state forest reserves, to the public school authorities and institutions of learning for educational or scientific purposes, to proper persons for fish cultural, for acquariums or show ponds, to waters the bed and banks of which are subjects of private ownership where the public is permitted to fish. Any natural stream or lake which is stocked with fish furnished by the state is opened to the public for the purpose of lawful fishing.

The commissioner is authorized to set aside such lakes or streams as he may judge suitable, as nursery streams after giving public notice, and to close such streams and post them against all fishing all the time. Any person who receives fish from the state and plants them in waters where the public is forbidden to fish is liable to a fine.

Authority is given for the appointment of sixty-five fish wardens and as many deputies as may be deemed advisable.

The code repeals and replaces practically all the old acts governing fishing in the inland waters excepting the act prohibiting fishing by aliens and the pollution act of 1876.

The Buckman bill changing automobile licenses was reported to the house from the roads committee with most of the provisions changed. The amended bill established a minimum fee of ten dollars, but the principal increases of licenses are on trucks. The section requiring separate licenses for owners and drivers in the same family was cut out.

THE [illegible] AMERICA.

Hugo Munsterberg's Own Story of His First Glimpse of It.

In the Century is published the one completed chapter in the unfinished autobiography of Hugo Munsterberg. The first delighted impressions of the young German professor are of especial interest since in the twenty-five years following he strove to interpret Germany to America, America to Germany.

"I remember as if it were yesterday our first Cambridge party. At the threshold of the new academic year Professor Norton and his family had invited some scores of friends to greet the new professors. It had been heralded to us as the chief festival event of the Cambridge season. The quaint, dignified home on the hill was dimly illumined by the mellow light of a few shaded lamps. There was some coffee and some lemonade, a few tiny brown bread sandwiches and, I think, some ice cream.

"I had not dined at home that night in the expectation of the glorious feast, with an abundance of courses and wines as at such evening parties in Germany, and yet when we drove home from Shady Hill my wife and I felt a joy and satisfaction such as few parties had ever given us before. We felt as if we had entered a truly spiritual community where the demand for high thinking and plain living was the life instinct.

"Where was that shallow and gaudy America, that vulgar and trivial America, that corrupt and self seeking America, that noisy and sensational America, of which all Europe was talking? Had no one ever discovered the true soul of the American people?"

Don't Snub the Boy.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches, although it was in the depth of winter.—Irish World

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Read The Bellefonte Republican $1.50 in advance.

SEVEN BARKS
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DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.
Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE
Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

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Harry E. Fenlon
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Real Estate Bought and Sold,
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Red Cross Dividend

We have declared and extra dividend of one-half of one per cent designated as

The Red Cross Dividend.

Our shareholders have been asked to contribute this dividend, through the proper agencies, to the Red Cross Society.

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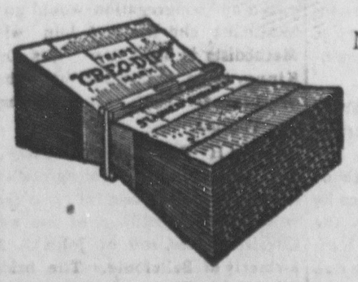

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Here and There.

12c loaves of bread. Fresh daily at 9c Cohen & Co.

Mrs. Arthur Brown, of New York City, is visiting with her many friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Grace Keefer, who had been in the Bellefonte hospital for several weeks, was discharged Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Matthew McGinnis, of Clearfiled arrived in Bellefonte Saturday afternoon. She was formerly Miss Nan Schofield.

Miss Bertha Hayes left Bellefonte Tuesday for Tyrone, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nolan, for ten days.

Miss Catherine McCaffery, of this place left Saturday noon for Williamsport, expecting to visit with relatives for a month.

J. Linn Blackford, one of the hustling young business men of State College, greeted his numerous friends in town on Tuesday.

In addition to the patriotic services in the United Brethren church next Sunday, the midsummer Holy Communion will be held.

Mrs. David Kelley and family, of Bellefonte, are guests this week of Mrs. May Brantly, at the bungalow at Steven's park, Tyrone.

William Saylor, of Tyrone, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday afternoon and became a guest of his brother, James Saylor, of Bush Addition.

The Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society of the United Brethren church will hold an ice cream social in the church basement, next Saturday night.

Philip Reynolds, son of Col. and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds, who is a sailor in the United States mosquito fleet, left Bellefonte Friday after spending a short furlough here.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richards, of Bellefonte are now enjoying the pleasure which come from owning an automobile. Their choice has been a Franklin and it is one of the up-to-date cars of the day.

Poor Overseer William Wood, of Rush Township, was a recent visitor in Bellefonte. William says that since establishing a poor farm in Rush Township it is difficult to find anybody seeking assistance.

Miss Louise Hoffer, daughter of the late C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, arrived in Bellefonte Monday and became the guest of her grandfather, C.T.Gerberich, on Thomas street. She was accompanied by her little niece, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hoffer.

Mrs. Edward Houser and two small children, of Meadeville, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon, and will spend several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Frank P. Bartley, on east Lamb street. Before returning home she will visit with relatives at Jacksonville.

W. H. Smith, manager of the American Telegraph, and Telephone Co's., interests in this district, has set out 3600 cabbage plants and 700 tomato plants on his farm near Milesburg. If the cutworms leave them alone he will have a dandy crop. That's one way of helping to down the Kaiser.

James Schofield, who had been spending several weeks at Mt. Clemens, Mich., arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon. He was there taking treatment for rheumatism which to a certain extent has been eliminated. He looks well but it will require time before his motive power will become normal.

Mrs. George L. Potter was brought to Bellefonte Monday afternoon from Danville, N. Y., where she had been in a sanitorium for some time. She was brought here on a cot and taken in the ambulance to the hospital. She was accompanied by a special nurse and withstood the journey exceedingly well.

Mrs. Horton S. Ray and daughter Betty, left Bellefonte Saturday for Tyrone where they spent the night with Mrs. Ray's sister, Mrs. Claude Jones, leaving Sunday for New York to join Mr. Ray who has been undergoing special treatment in the east for several monts. He has quite recovered his health, and all will return to to their home at Bellefonte this week.

The party who held forth at the Masonic camp near Curtin for two weeks broke up camp Saturday and returned home. Miss Mary Hicklen, a member of the party left Monday for Philadelphia to join her mother who is a guest of her mother, Mary Peters. Miss Sarah Shuey another member of the genial party, left the same day for Williamsport to again take up her work as private secretary to Dr. Conner, president of Dickinson Seminary.

Edward McGarvey, of Beaver Falls, was called here this week by the serious illness of his brother, Cameron McGarvey, who has been suffering more or less from tropical malaria ever since he came from the Philipines after the Spanish-American war. He has been getting weaker and weaker, and as one of the last remedies he was taken to the Mercy hospital, Pittsburgh, for treatment. Edward McGarvey left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon to make arragements for his entrance to the hospital and on Wednesday his sister, Miss Blanche McGarvey, and the patient followed. It is a disease that is very difficult to do anything for but everything possible is being done that will tend to bring him relief.

Men's work shoes at $2.50 and $2.98 a pair are real bargains. Cohen & Co.

Lewis Wallace, of Akron, Ohio, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday morning.

There were 203 tickts sold here for the Niagara Falls excursion which left Bellefonte Saturday night about 11 o'clock.

Guy McEntire, of Pittsburgh, a former Bellefonte boy, passed through this place on Monday. He is quite a business man.

Mrs. M. H. Haines and daughter, Martha, spent Sunday in Hublersburg as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Miller.

Mrs. Fred Garret, and daughter, Elizabeth, of Philadelphia, have been visiting Dr. and Mrs H. W. Tate, in Petrikin Hall.

Mrs. H. R. Barnhart and two sons, of Akron, Ohio, are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Martin, on north Allegheny street.

Mrs. Frank Hendricks, of Pittsburgh, was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Florence Jacobs, at her home on east Lamb street, Saturday.

Mrs. John W. Kreamer and two daughters, left Saturday afternoon for Williamsport, where they will spend some time with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Murry Andrews arrived in Bellefonte the latter part of last week and opened up their residence on north Allegheny street for the summer.

Dick Quigley, son of Judge H. C. Quigley, left Monday for Williamstown, Mass., where he has entered a military camp. He expects to go to war as a sergeant.

D.M.Rhinesmith who spent some time in the Bellefonte hospital where he underwent an operation was taken to his home in Clearfield where he is greatly improving.

Mrs. James Saylor and two little daughters, Sarah and Dorothy, left Monday afternoon for Tyrone, to attend the funeral of her niece, Leanore Saylor, which was held Tuesday.

Miss Stella Cooney, who has been at Atlantic City for some time, arrived in Bellefonte last week and will spend several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cooney, on Bishop street.

Mrs. Hayes, wife of the late Thomas R. Hayes, who had been spending several weeks in Bellefonte as the guest of her sister, Mrs. James A. Beaver, left Monday for her home in Atlantic City.

John Sebring, Sr., of Bellefonte, went to Jersey Shore Saturday morning where in the afternoon at 2.30 o'clock he attended the funeral of his brother-in-law, M. L. Slaver, a prominent citizen of that place.

J. Irvin Dreese, of Lemont, who for a number of years held the position of clerk, secretary and treasurer of College township, has resigned and merchant John Mitchell, of Lemont, has been appointed his successor.

Mrs. Kirk, wife of Dr. M. A. Kirk, left Bellefonte Saturday morning for Indiana, where she attended the graduation of her daughter, Miss Lois, who is a member of the class of 1917 at the Indiana Normal school.

Miss Carrie Weaver, one of Bellefonte's efficient school teachers, left Saturday afternoon for Harrisburg to visit her brother, Cyrus Weaver. From there she will go to Philadelphia where she will visit another brother, J. C. Weaver.

Joseph Cook, who had been spending some time in Bellefonte with his father, C. F. Cook, left Saturday for his home in Cleveland, Ohio. He is another Bellefonter who is making good and who is an honor to his friends and the town in which he was born and raised.

Someone is aching for a good fine and he will get it, too, if a certain fellow doesn't desist from putting out lines in Spring Creek, just below the falls, south of the Watchman office. Friday afternoon the stream was low and officer Dukeman took from the water a long string of hooks.

John Laurie, of Tyrone, was in Bellefonte Monday morning. He is a son of the late Dr. William Laurie, formerly pastor, of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church. Two months ago he was injured and it will be two months more before he can go to work as an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, is very ill at the Bellefonte hospital. Tuesday evening Rev. Dr. McKinney, pastor of the Presbyterian church, called at the hospital and informed Dr. Yocum that next Sunday evening both Presbyterian pastor and congregation would go to the Methodist church and join with the Methodists in holding services, Dr. McKinney to do the preaching. The program was arranged as a compliment to Dr. Yocum.

James H. Potter left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Chicago where on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock he attended the wedding of his nephew, Charles Miller, son of John C. Miller, formerly of Bellefonte. The bride was Miss Helen White of that city. They will come east and make their home at Wilkinsburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh. The groom holds an excellent position with the Westinghouse Electric Company and is a young man of talent and ability. His friends and relatives here join in wishing the young couple much happiness and success as they journey through life.

Prof. H. C. Rothrock, principal of the Port Matilda schools, was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Handsome, durable and perfect fitting men's and young men's suits at $10.00, $12 50, $15.00 and $17.00. Cohen & Co.

Mrs. George F. Harris, of Bellefonte left Monday for Pittsburgh to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. Mac Curtin.

John Folk, who several weeks ago underwent an operation for appendicitis, was discharged from the local hospital Tuesday.

Mrs. Albert Blackburn, who had been visiting at the residence of Col. J. L. Spangler, left for her home in Philadelphia on Saturday.

William S. Schmidt, a student at Cornell, returned home last week to spend his summer vacation with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Schmidt.

Mrs. William Daley, of New York, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thomas, at Waddle, passed through Bellefonte on Tuesday afternoon on her way back to the city.

Rev. Dr. Schmidt spent several days last week in York, Philadelphia and Washington. In York he attended the funeral of a relative; in Philadelphia a committee meeting and in Washington visited his sisters.

T. D. Strawn, wife and daughter and H. E. Hormell and wife of Brownsville, Pa., motored to Bellefonte Sunday and stopped at the Brockerhoff House. Mr. Strawn and family at one time were residents of Bellefonte.

Miss Rilla Williams, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Williams, of Bellefonte, who for a number of years has held an excellent position at State College, has resigned and accepted a position in Philadelphia.

Miss Martha Barnhart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Barnhart, who recently graduated from Mt. Holyoke college, has secured a position as a teacher in the Tyrone public schools for the coming winter term.

Paul Seanor and wife and James H. Heverly and wife, of Bellefonte, left Sunday morning in their automobiles for Buffalo and Niagara Falls. From there they will go to Detroit, Mich. In the absence of Mr. Seanor the cigar store under the First National Bank is in charge of "Pud" Seidler.

Harvey McClure arrived in Bellefonte Saturday morning to pay a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James I. McClure. Sunday afternoon he left for Oil City where he is general superintendent of the Citizens Traction Co. He is one of the boys from Bellefonte who by tact and ability has placed himself among the best business men of his community.

George Leiter, of Williamsport, who for a number of years has been coming to Bellefonte and State College in the interest of the L. C. Smith Typewriter Co., made his last trip Saturday. The first of the month he will go to Baltimore, Md., where he will take charge of the same company's office. He is a hustler and we predict that he will make things go.

Wednesday of last week officer Harry Dukeman, of Bellefonte, arrested Thomas J. Fryer, the colored butler at the Brockerhoff residence on Bishop street. Thursday an officer from Scranton came to Bellefonte and took him to Washington, D. C., where he was wanted on the charge of non-support of a minor child. The information was made by Raymond W. Pulman, head of the police force of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Gardner, of Clearfield, arrived in Bellefonte the latter part of last week and have been employed this week in packing up their household goods for the purpose of shipping them to Clearfield where they have purchased a home and where they will permanently reside. It is very likely Mr. Gardner will go into the coal mining business. He is very much pleased with his future prospects and thinks everything will go his way. In the departure of Mr. Gardner Bellefonte loses a good citizen and his many friends wish him success in his new field of labor.

John Laird Holmes, of State College, was in Bellefonte Tuesday. Between securing Liberty Bonds and the raising of money for the Red Cross he has been a very busy man. He says that at State College and Ferguson township they will raise $1500.00 for the Red Cross. The people in that section of the county are opening up purses and giving liberaly to the cause. Tuesday evening there was a flag raising at Rock Springs and Mayor Holmes was one of the principal speakers. There is no man in Centre county who is being more energetic in doing something to knock out the Kaiser than he.

Theron Link, of Binghamton, N. Y., who graduated at the Academy three years ago and then went to Hamilton College, New York, is finishing his junior year this June. He has taken honor after honor since his entrance in college. In addition to being among the first six honor men of his class he has won the Tompkins mathematical prize of $25 twice. This June he won the mathematical scholarship worth $250 in gold. He was a member of the varsity debating team this winter that defeated the Wesleyan College team in the annual intercollegiate debate. He is also editor-in-chief of the Hamilton Life, the college paper, besides being a member of two or three honorary fraternities.

The busiest place in town is Cohen & Co's. cut price grocery department.

On Saturday, June the 30th, the ladies of the Bellefonte Methodist church will hold an apron fair in the little office building on Spring street, next to the Centre County bank. The ladies invite a share of your patronage.

Monday morning Misses Naomi Dixson and Irene Barnes, teachers in the public schools of Johnstown, arrived in Bellefonte. The former is a niece of Charles L. Gates and the latter is a niece of Mrs. Howard Barnes. The young ladies remained in Bellefonte among these relatives until after dinner when they continued their journey to State College where they are attending the teachers' annual conference that for the next six weeks will be in session at this famous institution.

RUBIN & RUBIN HERE THURSDAY.

Rubin & Rubin, Harrisburg's leading eye specialists, will be at Mott's Drug Store, Bellefonte, Pa., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 12, 13, 14. Eyes examined free. Reading glasses as low as $1.00. Open evnings.

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

Mules For Sale!
Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.
JOE KINDIG

RUBIN & BUBIN
Harrisburg's Leading Eye Specialists will be at
MOTT'S DRUG STORE
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Thursday, Friday and Saturday. July, 12, 13, and 14.
FOR TWO DAYS ONLY
Eyes Examined Free
Glasses for reading as low as $1.00
Open Evenings

New Art Pictures of
WAR PRESIDENTS
Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS
The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
500	"	"	50	"
1000	"	"	80	"

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1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

"No, Bob you needn't give us school"
I knew I could at on you. Man to man, I will tell that my sickness has been expen. There hasn't been a cent comin from the office, either. But, th Providence, we haven't had to to our bank account.
My ÆTNA DISILITY POLICY is providing our meal et, son. $100 coming in regularly ev four weeks;—it would have been if I'd been in the hospital. Later I depend on $12.50 weekly while I'm aching my legs outdoors, to get in pro shape.
Some time I want to tell you about this sensible way of pro ing yourself. And if I know anything, I'll decide to
ÆTNA-IZE
as soon as you're old enough. It makes a fellow independent friends, relatives and charity, when flat on his back. And a little thing—a misstep—may lay you up. Then, if you marry, it's only a square deal—true gentlemanship—to give your wife this protection. Any man can afford it.
Interesting? Yes, is. Next time you go by his office, suppose you drop in and get the whole story from your friend—
John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Cattle Pasture
The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1917, under the management of a good competent person. Season from May 1st to October 15th.
TERMS: $1.50 per head per season.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE
Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Persons desiring to pasture cattle should make application by letter or telephone to the
LEHIGH VALLEY COAL CO.
Snow Shoe, Pa.

YOUR FAVORITE BRANDS
of staple and fancy groceries are always to be found among our clean fresh stocks. We are just as careful about prompt deliveries as we are about pleasing you with your selections. Our fair prices are further reasons why you will like dealing with this in-business-to please you store.
Weaver Bros., Grocers
Successors to C. C. Shuey
Watch windows for specials

Strictly Tropical Suits For Men

Genuine Palm Beach Suits in cream white, in dark tan, in stripes and dark oxford mixtures at $7.00 to $10.00.

Breezeweve snits in light and novelty colors in blues, greens and browns. Made in pinch back and regular models at $9.00 to $15.00.

Blue, Green and Brown Sport Coats made of knitted materials at $10.00.

White flannel and striped outing trousers from $4.00. to $8.00.

A Great Showing of These Strictly Outing Clothes in all Sizes.

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